Week ending February 8 1958 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Begins inside: Arthur Eperon's lively history of the Makeshift Army—

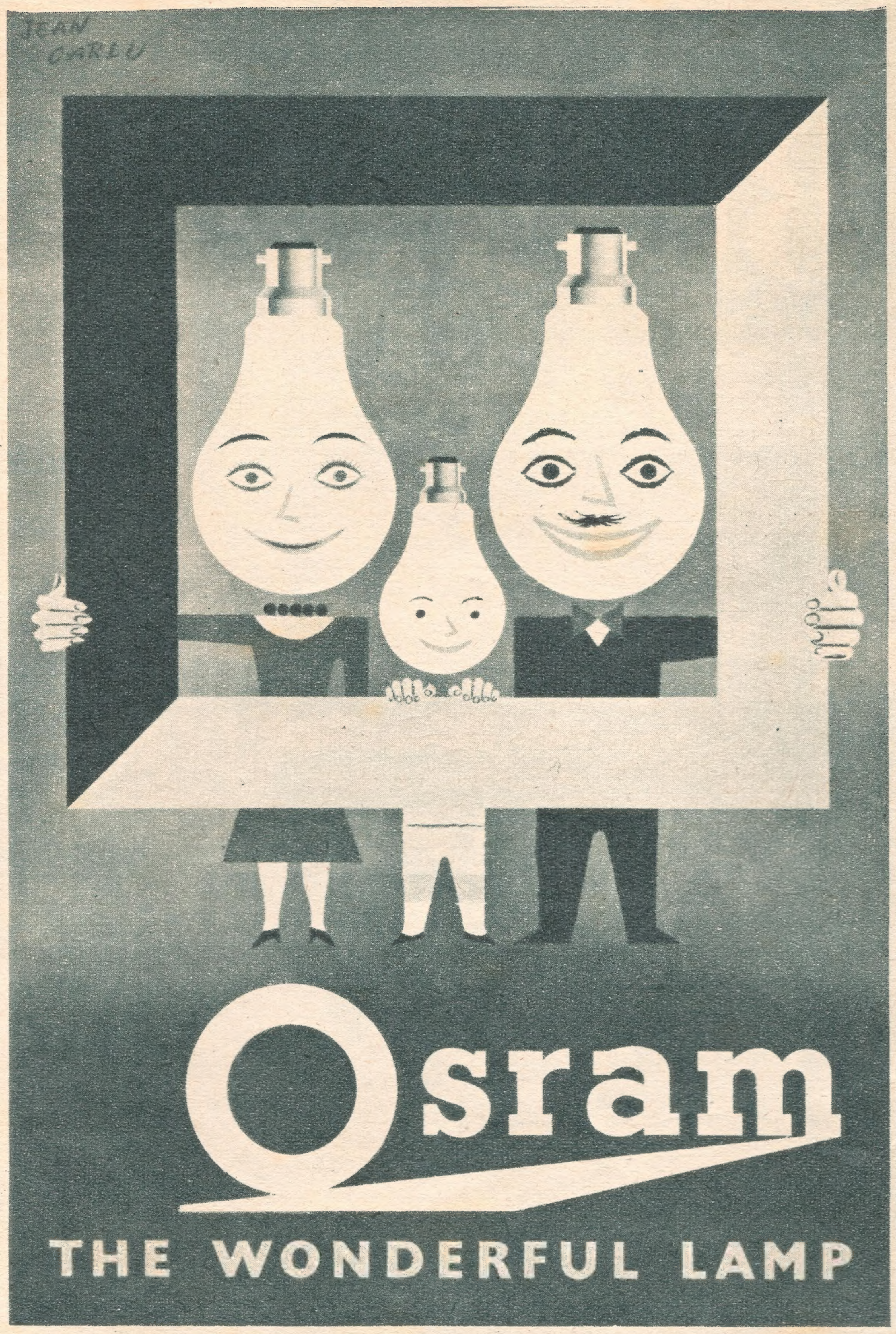
THE HOME GUARD

Complete stories by R. C. Hutchinson, Alan Jenkins and Kem Bennett

MORE PLEASE MUMMY!

It's good to hear the youngsters clamouring for second helpings—the problem's how to keep up with their growing appetites, and find something different for every day of the week that won't strain the housekeeping budget. And that's where MOTHER comes in. Star attraction of the grand-value February number is a 12-page cookbook full of bright ideas for delicious, satisfying cold day dinners that are full of food-value, yet inexpensive and simple to prepare. There are savoury pies, money-saving meat dishes, Friday fare, and a wonderful thick soup that's a main meal in itself. You'll be interested, too, in Nurse Williams's helpful article on how to handle the toddler who's jealous of a new arrival. For off-duty hours there's more family knitting—three delightful new styles, including a fashion-wise sports sweater with dramatic double collar. Pattern offers, as well, and beauty, stories—plus more of our friendly mother-to-be series "A Playmate For Nicholas." Be sure to get your copy of MOTHER's February number soon—it's selling out fast.

MOTHER
The Magazine of Happy Marriage
FEBRUARY ISSUE
OUT NOW 1/3



RTW
EXPANSION
WATCH BRACELETS
WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP
Fixoflex
for Men and Women

MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR
STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT.
OBTAINABLE FROM
ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

SKILLED MEN!

HERE'S A NEW WAY TO BETTER YOUR INCOME!

THIS OFFER IS OPEN TO MEN WITH ANY ONE OF 100 DIFFERENT SKILLS THAT MIGHT MEAN YOU TRY YOUR LUCK!

Up to £25 tax-free bonus plus first rate wages for two weeks of your time

Are you in a skilled trade? Then you can probably add a tidy sum to your income by joining the Army Emergency Reserve. For one thing, you get pay and allowances at full Regular Army rates whilst in camp. And the more your skill's worth in civilian work, the higher your Army rank and pay. Better still, you also get £9-£25 bonus tax-free (£50 if you are an electronic specialist).

For this you just spend 15 days a year at a camp, working on your own speciality. And money's not the only profit you get from that. You get a grand refresher course, giving you a lot of new ideas, and putting you right in touch with the latest Army developments. And you get a welcome break from the usual routine, with sports, games and a great social life. For the place is full of people with the same interests as yourself. Don't miss this chance! Send off the coupon now to: The Under Secretary of State, The War Office (MP6) London, S.W.1.

POST THIS OFF RIGHT AWAY!

Please send me—without obligation—the illustrated booklet telling all about the Army Emergency Reserve.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....
TRADE..
(JB/AER)

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 FEBRUARY 8, 1958 VOLUME 103 NUMBER 2693

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

DUEL AT MONT LIPAUX *by R. C. Hutchinson* 7
FOLLOW YOUR STAR *by Alan Jenkins* 14
SHOPPING WITH FATHER *by Kem Bennett* 23

Articles

HOME FROM HOME FOR THE LOLLIPOP SET *by Keith Ellis* 12
WILL OUR WINTERS GET WHITER? *by Anthony Hancox* 17
GLAMOUR GOES TO YOUR TOES *by Alan Lloyd* 21

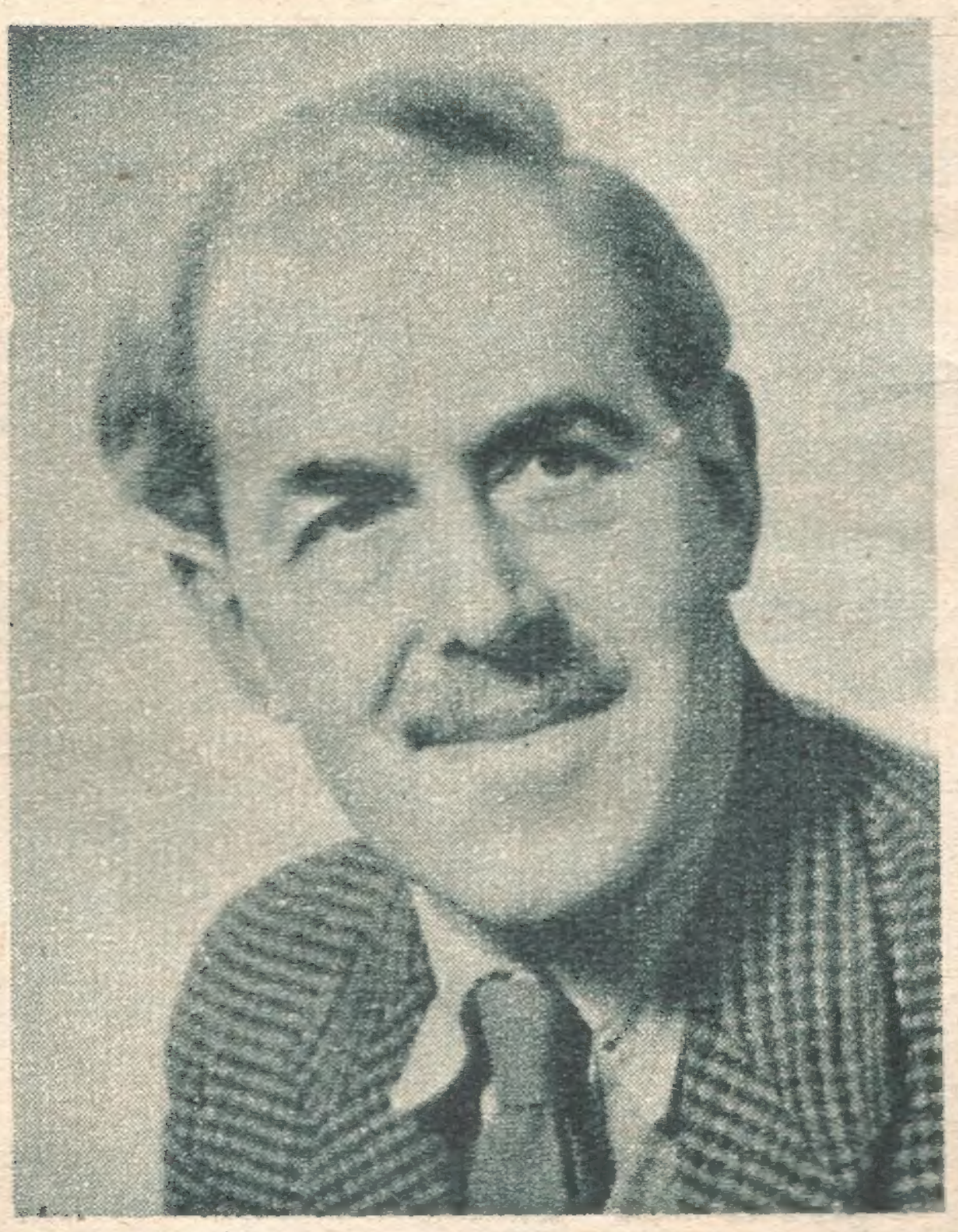
Serials

THE HOME GUARD'S WAR (Part 1) *by Arthur Eperon* 10
HORNBLOWER AND THE SPANISH SLAVER (Part 3) *by C. S. Forester* 18

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. IN SHORT: 16. A MEAL TO REMEMBER: 24. JOKES: 26, 27, 29, 33, 34. SONGS AND SINGING: 28, 31, 33, 34. CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS: 31.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



R. C. Hutchinson—he does his travelling in books

The thought of roaring round a hairpin bend at the wheel of a racing car holds no attractions for R. C. Hutchinson—although he enjoys motoring far more than does the hero of his car-racing story, *Duel At Mont Lipaux,* which begins on page 7. Hutchinson, who is fifty-one, prefers a quiet life fighting woodworm and death-watch beetle at his sixteenth-century home in Surrey, with its view of Leith Hill, the famous beauty spot.

"Motoring and labouring are my main pastimes at the moment," he says. "I write in the mornings and most evenings and spend much of the rest of the time keeping my two and a half acres of lawns, hedges and trees in order."

For a man who likes to stay at home, Hutchinson has chosen a startling array of foreign settings for the twelve novels he has written since 1930. He finds most of the material in travel books—often thick Victorian tomes tucked away in the darker corners of libraries. "It needs a tremendous amount of research to ensure accuracy," he says, "particularly when the book might be translated into foreign languages, but this research is one of my most enjoyable tasks."

There is one book, however, which Hutchinson wrote from personal experience. Towards the end of the war he motored thousands of miles across the deserts and mountains of the Middle East to gather material for the official story of Persia and Iraq Command.

"I also met my first official Russian," he says. "She was a Soviet Army sergeant who pulled a pistol on me as I drove along a Persian mountain road which was frequented by Russian convoys. Fortunately she was satisfied that my papers were in order, so I got a smile instead of a bullet."

During the war Alan Jenkins met a War Office captain, a Hungarian astrologer named Louis de Wohl, who knew most of the astrologers advising Hitler and whose job it was to predict to the General Staff the advice that Hitler would be receiving. So began Jenkins's interest in astrology, the subject of his story, *Follow Your Star,* which begins on page 14.

He regards astrology as "rather fun" and a good superficial guide to a person's character. "If you know anybody's birthdate you have a rough idea what sort of person he or she is," he says.

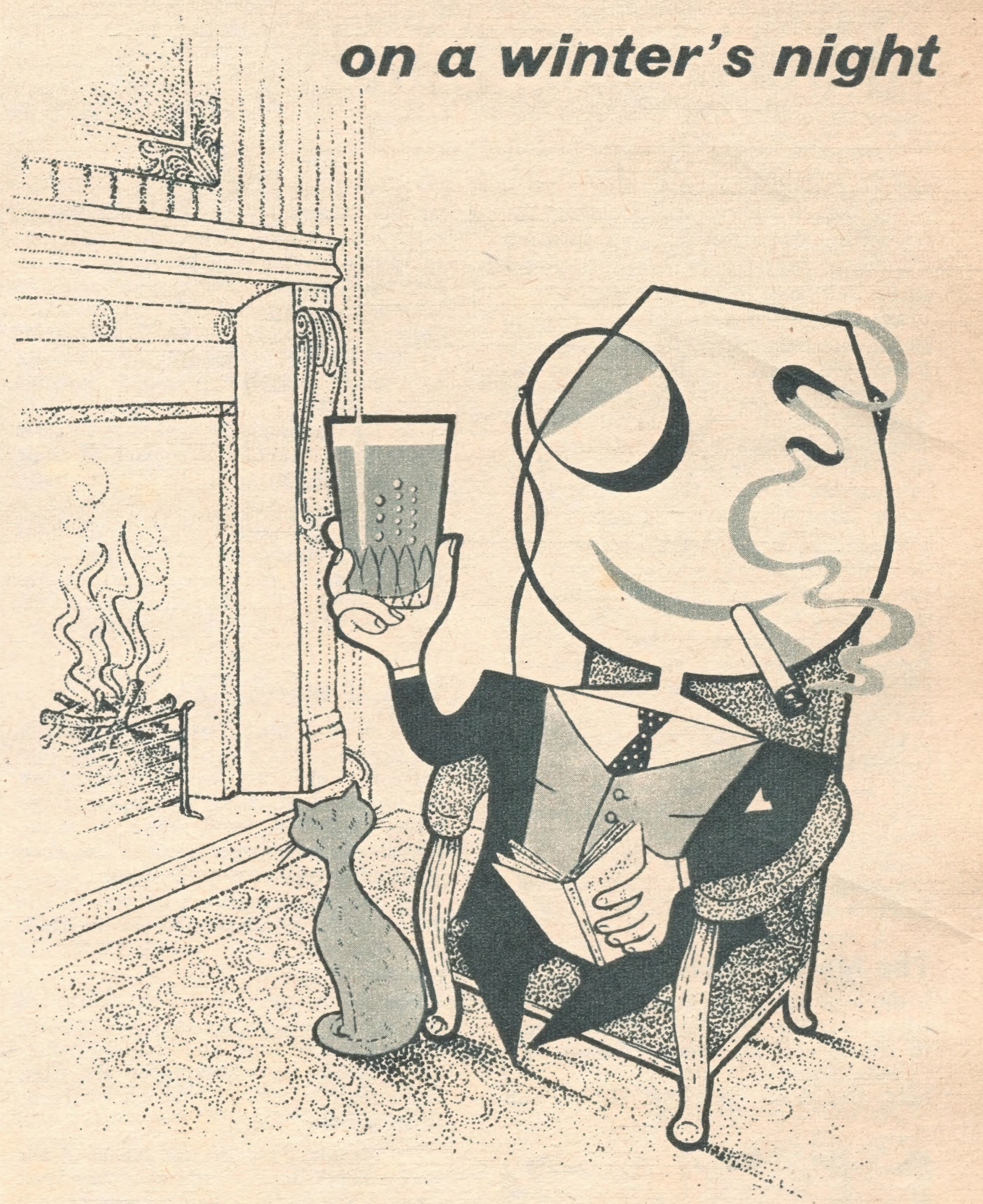
His wife, Margaret, gave him the idea for his new story one morning at the breakfast table as they were reading the day's newspapers—"We always read the horoscopes"—and helped him to develop the plot.

Jenkins and his wife were both born under the sign of Virgo. "It's not supposed to be a good thing to marry someone from the same group," he says, "but for us it's worked out very well."

He once had his own horoscope cast. "It described me as a typical Virgo: too interested in too many things to concentrate hard enough on one of them. That's pretty accurate."

Feel the glow

on a winter's night



a long warming drink

with ginger ale or soda

A book of verse (perhaps a thriller), an open fire, and a long warming Martell! Fine ingredients for a winter's night. So sit back and enjoy them with Mr. Brandyman, and let the inner man glow warmly as the outer man relaxes.

Make friends with

MARTELL

Free Speech

- **Farmers' boast is all eyewash**
- **The sweet smell of hard cash**
- **Women will make a home anywhere**

I HEARD a neighbour boasting the other day that British farmers have increased production by sixty per cent in twenty years.

What a pitiful increase! During those years the taxpayer has not only subsidized the farmer directly, but has financed research and experimental stations of all sorts, from animal breeding to grass selection, which show farmers, free of charge, how they can double and treble the yield from every acre.

Chemical firms have spent vast sums on research to produce cheap fertilizer; agricultural machinery makers have made tractors so cheaply and in such quantities that, for her size, Britain has proportionately more of them than any other country in the world.

In spite of this, agriculture has lagged behind other industries. In the last twenty years the motor manufacturers, for example, have increased production by 158 per cent. Our feather-bedded farmers should stop bragging and start working.—E. TAYLOR, Herefordshire.

The March Past

I am one of those haughty females who "calmly let the door fly back in the face of the person following" ("Free Speech," January 18). If I hold the door open for the person following me, I'll still be holding it minutes later as a stream of humanity marches through.

When my patience is exhausted, I have to let the door fly in somebody's face or hold it open indefinitely. Let me warn your reader to beware if he ever has the misfortune to follow me into a store.—MRS. DAPHNE GEORGE, Portman Terrace, Cheltenham, Glos.

Transfer Plea

If the parents of the girl J.V.S. wants to marry ("Free Speech," January 18) have hinted that they would like him to ask, formally, their permission to marry her, surely it becomes a matter of ordinary courtesy to do so. After all, they have spent a great deal of affection and care, not to mention time and money, on their daughter. Would J.V.S. consider just taking any other valuable property without asking first?

As for the dowry he seeks, most girls work for a considerable part of their married life, bringing in a nice little sum.

Lastly, the girl herself can't help but be secretly pleased if he faces the inevitable embarrassment for her sake.—MRS. G. M. COX, Garratt Lane, S.W.17.

Dream World

I am a deaf mute, quite accustomed to my life in a world of complete silence. Yet in my dreams I find I am no longer deaf, that all impediments have vanished, and that I make speeches, sing in opera, play in or even conduct symphony orchestras.

Is this phenomenon confined to the deaf, or do blind people see in their dreams, and lame people walk in theirs?

Sleep for me creates a world of fantasy in which I can leave reality behind and become what I could otherwise never be.—MATTHEW BLADON, Broomhall Grove, Acock Green, Birmingham.

"I dream only in the senses I use every day," says a man who has been blind since birth, "and I know that is the experience of most people like me. In my dreams I hear, touch, smell and so on, but I don't see things."

Sweet Perfume

People speak of stinking money; in fact, money often does smell. My barber noticed a fusty odour in his shop. He searched for the source, but it was a long time before he realized that it was coming from the till. The smell certainly came from the money. He now cleans the till with a few drops of disinfectant regularly.

I wonder what banks say about this. Do they take any special precautions for cleanliness? — P. J. R. BOYD, Padholme Road, Peterborough.

"Money can smell," says a bank spokesman. "For example, notes and coins that come in from pubs are often rather sticky and malodorous. Years ago, before so much market business was done by cheque, all coins passing through our branch at Billingsgate, for example, were boiled in a mixture of water and silver sand before being issued again, and all notes were sent away for destruction. Notes from chemists' shops always carry a distinctive smell—not necessarily unpleasant."

Baby (Gun) Carriage

I am surprised that pram manufacturers have not produced a vehicle fitted with caterpillar tracks instead of the traditional wheels ("Your Baby Takes A Dream Ride," JOHN BULL, January 11).

I see women pulling or pushing their prams up and down steps and high kerbs, and the passengers having their dream rides rudely shattered. I don't think this shows real improvement in design.—IAN M. AULD, Ravenscourt Road, Bournemouth.

Black List

On moving into a new flat, I discovered a bulky envelope left by the previous tenant. It contained a full description of the neighbours, told me about the local shops, warned me of a rattling water pipe and of a mouse-hole which was still occupied.

As I was a complete stranger in the district the information proved invaluable to me in settling in. When I left the flat, I made my own additions to the list, to carry on what seems to me a most useful and desirable practice.—WILLIAM T. JOHNSTON, Brunswick Hill, Reading, Berkshire.

Profit-sharing

Keith Ellis says that the Conservative Party is in favour of co-ownership in industry (JOHN BULL, January 18). If this is true, why has the Government ignored the pleas of Liberal M.P.s who have urged that the present taxation schemes be removed?

At the moment any firm which tries to encourage good relations with its employees and gives them shares has to pay twenty-seven per cent distributed profits tax on dividends paid on such shares.—MICHAEL WATTS, Swindon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

"It would be more accurate to say that an extra twenty-seven per cent would be paid," says an Inland Revenue spokesman. "On profits ploughed back into the business, the tax is three per cent. On distributed dividends the tax is thirty per cent."

Burning Bright

I overheard a woman grumbling about the quality of coal. Another woman turned to her and told her that if she dissolved a handful of washing soda in half a bucket of boiling water, and poured the mixture over the coal in her coal shed, it would burn more brightly and more easily.

I tried it myself and found that it worked.—N. B., Swansea.

"This treatment can make coal, especially poor-quality coal, burn more readily," says the National Coal Board, "but it has no effect on the amount of heat given out." Alkaline salts, of which washing soda is the one most frequently used, act as catalysts in the burning of coal. It is not advisable to use such coal in a stove, since it would be likely to burn into clinker rather than ash.

Home Comforts

In twenty years of working in a large office, I have noticed one big difference between the habits of men and women clerks. A man leaving for other employment can clear his desk and pack up his possessions in a matter of minutes, even if he has worked at one desk for years.

A woman needs only to have worked at a place for a few weeks to have gathered a horde of possessions around her. The desk and the whole office has become more for her than just somewhere to earn a living. As we spend so much of our working lives in workshops, offices and business centres, it is a pity that we men cannot bring more of the personal touch to our immediate surroundings.—E. H., Birmingham.

Not Sharking Now

I enjoyed the serial "The Sea My Hunting Ground" and was especially interested in the January 18 instalment, as I am now the owner of the fishing boat Duskie Maid. I bought her in August, 1954, and spent the next two years converting her into a motor yacht. Last year, with my wife, I had a most enjoyable two-week cruise on the Clyde and Loch Fyne. My photograph shows the Duskie Maid at Rothesay after conversion.—JAMES WILSON, North Shore Road, Troon, Ayrshire.

Missing Lights

Driving a motor-cycle through London fogs, I have twice almost run into the back of a bus.

One reason is that most London buses have only one rear light. By law all other vehicles—except two-wheeled ones—must have two rear lights. Why are London buses excused?—F. P., London, S.W.1.

"When the Act making two rear lights compulsory came into force, public service vehicles registered before October 1 were exempted," says London Transport, "and in fact most of our buses were registered before then. All our new buses have two rear lights."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WHITE blanket . . . black thoughts. But this particular fight is strictly between a man and his engine. Wives are well advised to keep clear: a single, incautious "Won't it start, dear?" and the sparks will begin to fly—but not, unfortunately, in the engine. And the sight of that neat little sports car sliding away so smugly won't calm her husband much. Artist Critchlow says that a wife would be wise to head for the kitchen at a time like this. A little practical sympathy in the shape of a cup of steaming hot coffee is worth an awful lot of advice.

JOHN BULL
THE HOME GUARD

Gibbs S.R. for and gums
Tingling fresh
S.R.
good for teeth and gums
Gibbs
S.R.
NEW exciting taste!
TOOTHPASTE
S.R.

Be tingling-fresh!

Brush with Gibbs SR and you'll be tingling-fresh. That tingle comes from SR's Sodium Ricinoleate which protects your gums as well as your teeth. So brush your teeth and gums–morning and night–with SR and your whole mouth will be tingling-fresh!

1/10, 2/8 *or economy size* 3/6

S.R. for teeth and gums

GR 327-11284

Do YOU really understand these facts - vital to every man or woman

Here is an important new guide to ideal sexual relationship, written by KENNETH WALKER, who has already helped thousands of men and women to find enduring happiness.

Love, Marriage and the Family
KENNETH WALKER
ODHAMS
Love, Marriage and the Family
KENNETH WALKER

A special offer to "John Bull" readers

ODHAMS PRESS, famous as publishers of so many helpful and instructive books, announce one of the most important new works that they have issued in recent years. **LOVE, MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY** has been specially prepared to help every thinking man and woman towards a new and wiser understanding of the most important subject in the world . . . the possibilities of sexual happiness. Written throughout in a non-medical, easily understandable style, it discusses clearly and constructively the very facts about which most people today need a fuller knowledge. Here, for every married couple and for those contemplating marriage, is a wealth of essential information that can make all the difference between the joy and fulfilment of their marital relationship and the tragedy of indifference and frustration.

320 PAGES OF VITAL INFORMATION

THE KNOWLEDGE YOU NEED

In this book, speaking frankly and sympathetically in honest, straightforward terms, **KENNETH WALKER** sets out the plain facts of married life just as you would wish to hear them in the privacy of your own doctor's consulting room. With these vital facts clearly explained difficulties melt away, new confidence is born.

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY is a practical, comprehensive book for adult readers who are not afraid to face the truth—**it tells the whole story of sex and the all-powerful part it plays in our daily lives,** from infancy to the golden fulfilment of happy family life. Without a doubt this is the finest book on the subject that has been published in recent years.

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY sets out to provide a true guide to happiness in love and marriage. It should be read by every married couple and by every young man and woman.

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW! Post the convenient, no-risk coupon below, TODAY. **320** pages. Illustrated. Available, while the strictly limited supply lasts, at an exceptionally low price. Standard Edition, bookcloth, **15/-** or **De Luxe Edition, handsomely bound in superb leathercloth,** at nominal additional cost of only **1/6.**

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

To: Dept. J.30, Odhams Press Ltd., Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent

WITHOUT OBLIGATION reserve me "Love, Marriage and the Family" and send Invoice, together with **Odhams Unique Guarantee.** I am definitely over 21.

Cross out Edition NOT wanted: STANDARD / DE LUXE

BLOCK LETTERS

....NAME

Full Postal
....ADDRESS

Firmly affix **2d. stamp** *in margin* J.30. 8/2/58

DO THIS AT ONCE!

This wonderful volume will be reserved for every JOHN BULL reader who posts this form without delay. Fill in form and post in 2d. stamped, unsealed, envelope to **Dept. J.30, Odhams Press Ltd., Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent.** Offer applies U.K. only (the book is NOT available in Eire) and closes Feb. 22.

NOTE
THIS BOOK IS NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS

Here is a PARTIAL list of the authoritative information to be found in this book:

. . . on LOVE
Nature of love, biological or psychological?–Greek account of love–"blindness" of love–romantic love–bond of "belonging and sharing"–jealousy–sex hunger–error of belittling sexual love–faulty attitudes to sexuality exposed.

. . . on COURTSHIP
Right motive for marriage–use of the senses during courtship–courtship as a "prelude" . . . as a stimulant"–how emotions promote physical changes–"embarrassment and shyness"–customs of courting–the permissible and the impermissible between engaged couples–the facts about "petting" or "necking"–what every engaged couple should discuss and do.

. . . on MARRIAGE
"Taboos" in marriage–three main reasons for marriage–could we do without it?–differences of age, background–practical things to be done *before* marriage–"anticipating" marriage – comments in Kinsey Report on "trial marriages"–etiquette of the honeymoon–responsibilities of each partner–dangers of married life.

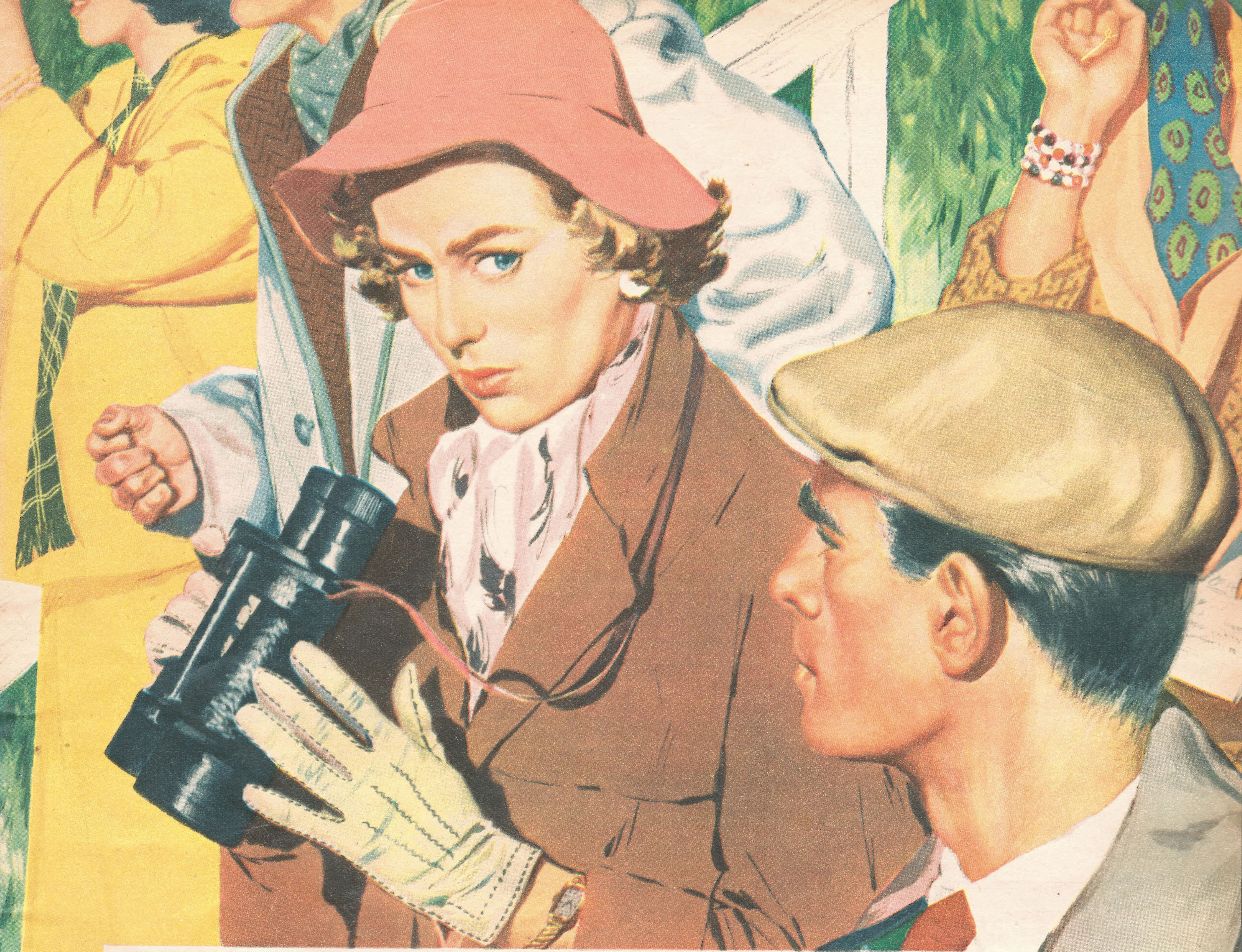
. . . on THE ART OF SEXUAL TECHNIQUE
Making full use of Nature–rules of "love play"–biological reasons for actions and emotional parallels–sexual control–overcoming inhibitions – impotency and frigidity–sexual "rights" of women–myth of aphrodisiacs.

. . . on PLANNING A FAMILY
Physiology of reproduction–sexual differences in men and women–birth control–fertility–need for children–adoption–Family Planning Clinics–science of eugenics–pregnancy and labour.

. . . on SEX EDUCATION
Formative years–puberty and its problems – sexual capacity in teenagers – "impossible rules" imposed by society–how should youngsters relieve sexual tensions? – honest discussions – how parents can help–how youngsters find their own answers–the right moments for instruction–erratic behaviour–problems of the adolescent girl.

. . . on SEXUAL DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES
"Fictional" love making–errors that cause unhappiness–broken marriages–divorce–effect on children – need for romance – tolerance in sexual behaviour–cause and remedy of some marital disharmony – "newly weds" and shared accommodation–"in laws" –the tragedy of intersex–transvestism–fetishism–13 rules for married couples.

All these vital subjects — and much more of immense importance—are dealt with in this book



Anne gave me a sidelong glance. "Who was that cramming my husband's car at the parapet?" she asked. "It looked like a British car"

DUEL AT MONT LIPAUX

by R. C. HUTCHINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Speed, skill and daredevil driving: these were the weapons. He was ready to kill—and die—for love

The annual race on the Mont Lipaux circuit was discontinued three or four years ago. As a spokesman of the French police delicately put it: "The design of the course paid too little regard to the question of competitors' safety."

For me the motor-car is just a pleasurable means of transport, and I had scarcely heard of the goings-on at Mont Lipaux before the summer of 1952. It was through Trevor St. Austell, of all people, that the place became more to me than a name on those pages of a newspaper that I never read. He telephoned from York one evening towards the end of May. "You may not remember me," he said. "We've been out of touch so long. We were together at Catterick in forty-three."

But of course I remembered him. The hesitant, faintly pedantic voice brought the whole man before me—the heavy spectacles, the prematurely greying hair, the forehead that remained anxious even when the sensitive mouth was smiling.

"You sent me a Christmas card in forty-eight," he added, as if this would identify and exonerate him. "It was your own design for a theatre at Shoreditch. I admired it greatly. It was all that a theatre should be."

When I had convinced him that I knew who he was, and did not consider his trunk call a gross invasion of my privacy, he came by careful stages to his purpose. He was going, a fortnight later, to the South of France, on business of some kind. Would I come with him as his guest?

"I mean," he said, "we could stop on the way at Chartres or somewhere. I thought there might be things you wanted to see, professionally or otherwise. It might not be a total loss. I mean, two bachelors together, it makes travelling less of a bore. You still are a bachelor?"

"Yes."

"Of course I realize that this is most fearful nerve. You must have hundreds of more interesting things to do."

I hadn't. My own branch of architecture was suffering a lean period. And I remembered that at Catterick Trevor's conversation had always been stimulating. With the impulsiveness that the telephone promotes in me I gratefully accepted his invitation.

"By the way," I asked, "how do we go?"

"Well, I thought we'd use my car, if that's all right with you."

"Why, that would be perfect," I said.

But I was puzzled that he should own such a thing. At Catterick we had been caused to handle vehicles of many kinds, and Trevor had loathed them all. He was, by trade, a don at some northern university—a classical historian. In spirit he belonged to the eighteenth century, and I had always imagined that he regarded even the steam engine as a retrograde invention. "What can you see when you're being whisked past things?" he had often demanded bitterly.

His clumsiness at the wheel had driven instructors almost to insanity. And once he had said to me: "The thing I most look forward to, at the end of this war, is never even sitting in one of those damned contraptions again."

And now, it seemed, even he was trundling with the times.

In imagination I saw the kind of car we should travel in: an elderly tourer, immensely solid and slow, with a complicated hood, a puritanically upright windscreen, the spare wheel strapped to the side. This image was distinct in my mind when—at the very moment he had promised—Trevor rang the bell of my house in Highgate. And he himself, in civilian clothes, conformed exactly with my mental picture. Not so the car which had brought him.

It sat, as it were, low in the water: a two-seater of prodigious length, its shape reminding me a little of a greyhound going over hurdles. The space assigned to driver and mate was small—a narrow trough like that in a dug-out canoe. The rest, in a menacing curve which almost reached the ground, was bonnet; and I trembled to think how many and what size of cylinders that vast prow concealed.

"This?" I asked. "This is yours? We travel in this?"

"It's not as comfortless as it looks," he said apologetically. "One sits on about a foot deep of rubber foam—and the rear pit takes a fair amount of luggage. Of course, if you feel you'd rather not. . . ."

"You drive this thing?" I persisted.

"Why, yes."

"On the road? I thought this sort of missile was only allowed at Goodwood."

"Oh, it's perfectly legal," he said. "They don't race these things on ordinary tracks."

Yes, he drove it. And as we flicked through the city traffic, as the needle fingered ninety on the Dover road, I began to learn something new to me in the craft of driving. My own car has some pace, which at times, when I am building in several parts of the country, I make use of. But I should never dare to drive as fast as he did. Nor could I do so—as he did—with perfect safety. He was handling this leopard with a superb authority, using with a precise knowledge its brilliant acceleration, calling on its Herculean brakes so shrewdly that when we needed to fall in behind a chain of lorries there was no jerk, only a sense of speed being gently cast away.

I said, as the shyness of reunion thawed: "You know, I'd never thought of you as a motorist."

"No?" Most of his mind seemed to be elsewhere. "I took it up again," he said vaguely. "Not long ago—early last year."

"What made you?"

The question seemed to worry him. But he said at length: "Well, I don't like being unreasonably bad at things. I was always useless at games—that couldn't be helped, I've got a dicky heart among other things. But I felt it was silly to be defeated by things like pedals and levers, when a perfect fool like Miles Hudson could manage them."

"Oh, Hudson—yes, I remember him."

"Do you . . . ? So I got myself re-taught, by one of my own history pupils. And then I thought I'd get this thing—I had it made for me by the Watts-Leaver people."

"And now you enjoy it?"

"No, I can't pretend I do, really."

"Do you make these business trips often?"

"No." Again he was remote and hesitant. "I did this run last year, I wanted to—look over the ground. Strictly, I shouldn't have called it business when I spoke to you on the phone."

"It's some sort of research, you mean?"

"No. No, it's just something I thought of doing. . . ."

LATER, in France, as the road to Amiens tore away beneath us, Trevor said abruptly: "So you remember Hudson?"

"Yes. I didn't care for him. I ran into him again, just after the war. He'd married then, but it hadn't altered him."

"No, it wouldn't," he said, with his teeth together.

"It shocked me, rather," I said.

"What—that he'd married?"

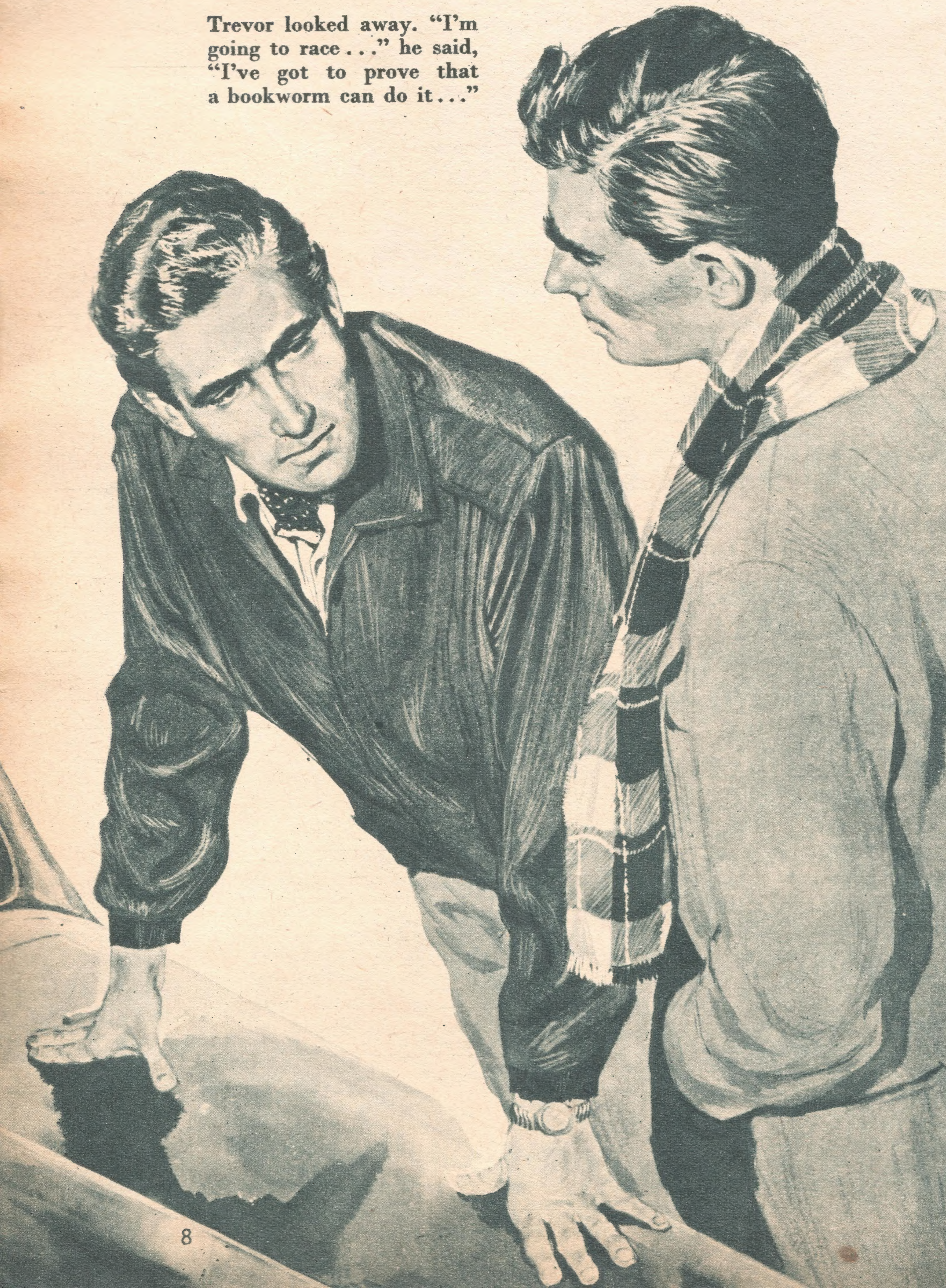
"That he'd married this particular girl. We'd both known her—she lived near Barnard Castle—Anne Eppingham. Her people were very hospitable, I used to go and play tennis there."

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "I knew her. I used to go there too."

With that, we banished the subject—or so I thought. For myself, I did not consider Hudson worth our breath: an animal of splendid size and appearance, he had belonged to that small minority who found the army a perfect vehicle for their egotism—one merely thanked heaven, on demobilization, that one need never associate with such people again.

But from Anne, as I had known her, my thoughts would not depart so easily. In the great and hideous house of her father she had always seemed a stranger: a creature so small and framed so perfectly, of such humour and gentleness. There had been, at that time, a score of pretty girls within our tennis-party range—nature furnishes that embroidery to military encampments. I had forgotten all the others; but Anne I had not forgotten.

Talking desultorily about our jobs we had left



Trevor looked away. "I'm going to race . . ." he said, "I've got to prove that a bookworm can do it . . ."

Amiens and another hundred kilometres behind when Trevor said, as if his thoughts had been linked to mine: "Yes, I saw Anne again, early last year. She and Hudson gave a party. They were celebrating something or other—some triumph of Hudson's."

"Was she just the same?" I asked.

"More or less, to look at."

"Happy, did you think?"

He waited to collect his thoughts before he said: "I asked her that, when I got her alone for about two minutes. All she said was: 'When you're married you've just got to be.' Of course it was a stupid question—I could see for myself she was almost in tears. Hudson had been treating her like dirt all evening."

That picture was clear enough to me. And I said with a sudden fury: "Whatever made her marry him? She had all of us to pick from."

"It happens that way," he answered soberly. "The best fall for the worst, the gentlest women take on the toughest males. Or it may be she thought she could civilize him—some of them marry from a cock-eyed sense of vocation."

His face remained as calm, as contemplative, as it had been all the way from London. But I saw that his hands had tightened on the wheel, and for the first time the car swerved a little.

I said, lamely: "There's nothing anybody can do."

"Perhaps not. But I took the liberty of having a word with Hudson—I told him what I thought of him."

"Did that make any impression?"

"It made him laugh. You remember how he laughs? I think it's almost the most repellent thing about him. And Anne has to listen to that laugh all day long."

At my own choice we spent that night at Poitiers. Trevor proved a capable as well as an indulgent host: he was shrewd about food and wine; he taught me, next morning, more about the church of Ste. Radegonde than I could teach him. In the afternoon we wandered about the Roman ruins nearby, and Trevor talked of the builders of that place as a humorous squire talks of his neighbours.

Yet I was not totally at ease. There were silences in which his mind left me altogether, and then, from a dozen nervous tricks—a needless cough, the incessant fingering of his tie—I deduced that he had come on this excursion to escape some deep anxiety.

At one point I must have betrayed the fact that his distracted behaviour troubled me. For after one long period of silence he said impulsively: "You know, I'm most terribly grateful to you. For coming along, I mean. I know I'm a hopeless companion."

"On the contrary——"

"But I did need somebody. I couldn't have done this trip alone."

We left it at that. But a little later he said, with increased nervousness: "Look, I wonder if you'd like to stay at this place and let me go on alone. There's a lot here for you to see. I'd pick you up on the way back—on Friday."

I told him that by lunchtime next day—when we had arranged to go on—I should have seen all that I specially wanted to see. The rest could wait—I should prefer to stick with him. But this brought a fresh embarrassment.

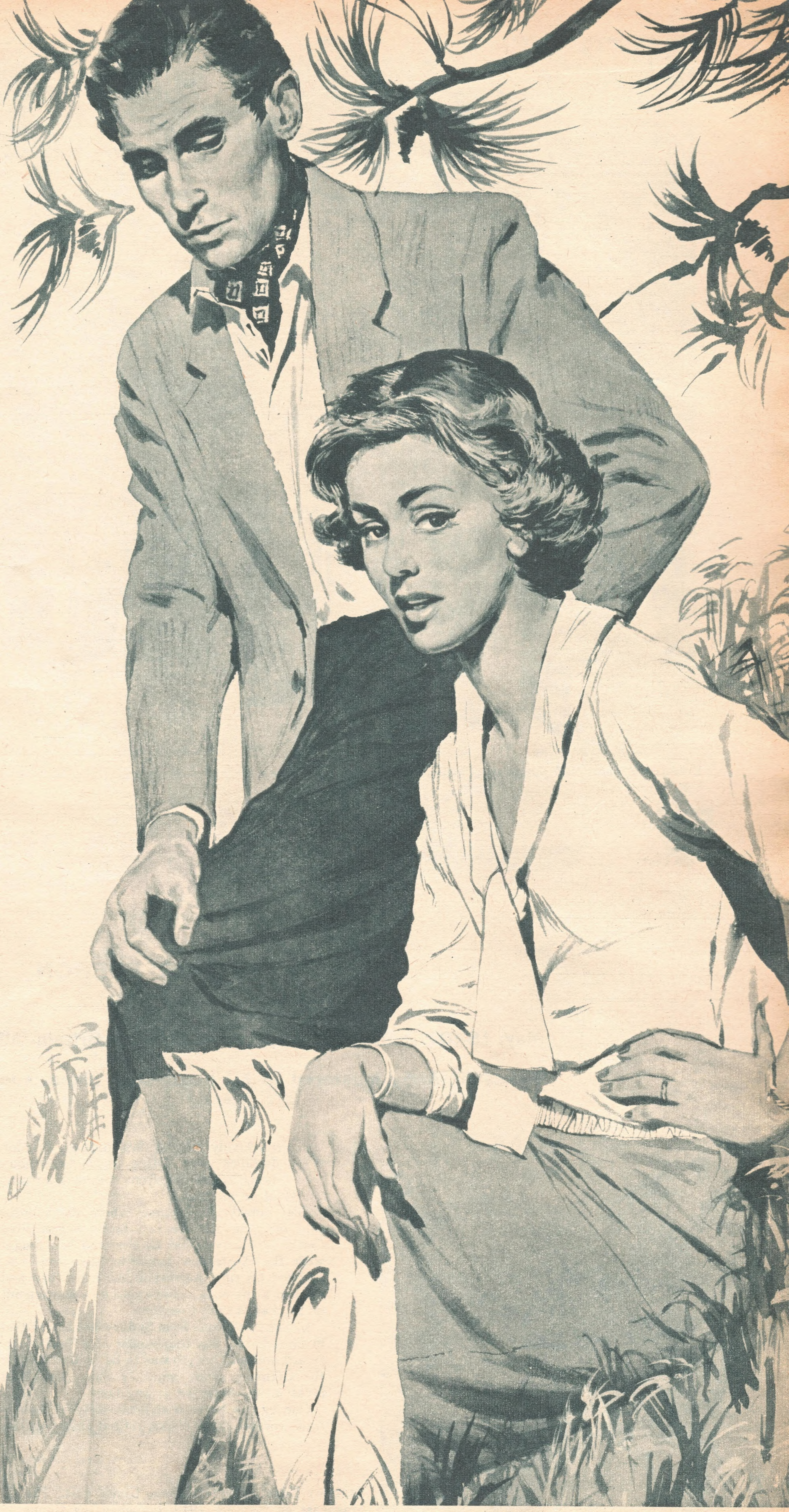
"I know this sounds idiotic," he said, "but I want to push on tonight. It's a sort of engagement. There's plenty of time really, but I keep thinking of things that might go wrong. This place makes me restless, I don't know why."

A hasty adjustment was needed. I could not say with the smallest appearance of honesty that Poitiers was boring me. Equally, I could not let a man in his state of mind go on alone. By degrees I persuaded him that I had come on this trip first for the enjoyment of his society.

We returned to the hotel to pack our things—he still unselfishly protesting—and shortly after dinner we were on the road again. . . .

The Watts-Leaver, as he had said, offered more

Continued on page 31



"You think it was deliberate?" asked Anne. "Why? How could he be as mad as that?"

Peers, M.P.s and staff joined the Parliamentary unit of the Local Defence Volunteers. Later Winston Churchill gave the L.D.V. a new name—Home Guard

THE HOME GUARD'S WAR

by ARTHUR EPERON

May, 1940... and Hitler prepared to strike at Britain. All over the country the Makeshift Army mustered to hit back—with pikes, spears and empty rifles

Anthony Eden inspects a Home Guard unit. His broadcast on May 14, 1940, launched the Home Guard. That night volunteers queued to join

On a lovely August day in 1940, London families were sitting down to Sunday lunch when the sirens sounded warning of an air raid.

Just outside Chislehurst, where the suburbs thin out and the Kentish farms begin, Fred Clarke, a fifty-year-old builder who had fought with the Australian forces in the 1914 war, grabbed his rifle, hurried to the main road and hitched a lift on a motor-cycle to a strongpoint on St. Paul's Cray Common.

Clarke, who came from Sydney but had settled in Chislehurst, was commander of a local Home Guard unit and his job was to be on watch when the Germans came, night or day. The Nazi invasion was expected at any hour.

One by one his men arrived—forty of them—farm workers, bank clerks, retired army regulars and business men. They stood guard with their outdated rifles and a few rounds of ammunition, staring at the British fighters and German raiders weaving patterns high in the clear sky.

Suddenly came the roar of a low-flying plane. Instinctively the captain raised his rifle.

"It's a Jerry," he shouted. "Let him have it, boys."

He saw the Iron Cross on its wings as he fired his first shot. Forty rifles fired—once, twice, three times, four. Most of them got in five shots.

Suddenly, from the Dornier bomber, came black smoke. Then it dived over the main road and they heard it crash about a mile away.

No time for cheering. They scrambled over hedges and through barbed wire fences. The Germans had made off across country. The Home Guards surrounded a wood. As they systematically beat the scrub, they found the crew hiding and took them prisoner.

When they went back to look at the big bomber they had shot down, there were 180 bullet holes in it. From that day, there was

With a rifle volley the Home Guard shot down this Dornier bomber. Then they captured the crew

a new respect for Home Guards in Britain.

The Home Guard had been something of a national joke—a typically British joke, taken half-seriously. They had been a natural butt for radio comics. Only lonely wives, who suspected that Home Guard patrols were an excuse for a visit to a pub, and Nazi propagandists, who called them "criminals and trained murderers," had seemed to take them seriously.

The man who had been midwife to the Home Guards was a regular soldier—General Sir Walter Kirke, Commander-in-Chief of Home Forces. Kirke was a tall, parade-ground figure, with an easy smile and deep imagination. He had experience of guerrilla warfare on the north-west frontier of India and, as Director-General of the Territorial Army, he had learned the difficulties and needs of part-time soldiers.

He had suggested several times to members of the government and to the General Staff that Britain must train a civil guard to fight in every village and every street.

He was not the only one to believe that. Those who had fought the Nazis in Spain had been saying the same thing. So had a determined woman who lived in Much Marcle, near Ledbury.

She had walked into the battalion headquarters of the Shropshire Light Infantry at Ross-on-Wye one afternoon in March, 1940, and asked for eighty rifles and some ammunition.

"I could do with some machine guns, too, if you have any to spare," she added.

This woman, Lady Helena Gleichen, who had big estates at Much Marcle, was not fooled by the quiet of the phoney war in Europe. She believed that the Nazis were planning to parachute into England by night. And even if the rest of Britain was going to be asleep, Much Marcle would be ready. She intended to arm farmers, workers and gardeners. All she wanted was the arms. The army could leave the rest to her.

Officers told her politely that arms could not be spared. So she made her own arrangements, and next night the Much Marcle Watchers were on duty—with shot guns and ancient rifles.

It was a huge joke for a day or two. Comics made the most of it. But the Watchers kept their vigil, through April and into May.

Then the Nazis struck. Parachutists led the invasions of Holland and Norway. On May 11 Kirke arranged a conference between heads of the three services and the service ministries, and told them of his idea for a civilian defence force.

Then Winston Churchill appointed Anthony Eden as War Minister, and on May 14 he broadcast to the nation.

It was a fateful day in Europe's history. The Dutch Army had lost to Hitler's hordes and their Commander-in-Chief, General Winkelman, told his countrymen by radio: "We have ceased to struggle." Queen Wilhelmina was in England.

In a solemn but quiet and unruffled voice, Eden spoke during the nine o'clock news. He told the country of the danger it faced from Nazi invasion. Then he announced the formation of the Local Defence Volunteers, a force of unpaid, part-time soldiers who would stand guard against parachutists and help the regular forces by local action in an invasion.

He appealed for fit men between sixteen and sixty-five to join at local police stations.

Before Eden had finished speaking a 1914 veteran, wearing a coat over pyjamas and still in bedroom slippers, walked into an Oxford police station and volunteered.

In Brighton, forty men enlisted in an hour; in Middlesbrough, thirty in ten minutes. In Surbiton, a queue of one hundred formed by ten o'clock. Kent, the county in which the first invasion landings were expected, got 10,000 volunteers in twenty-four hours.

The queues were so long at some Kent police stations that the police suggested to latecomers that they should return in the morning to save hours of waiting. But the volunteers preferred to wait through the night, for they feared being told that they were too late.

The government had hoped for 150,000 volunteers. It had 300,000 in six days, 600,000 in a fortnight.

Many volunteers took no notice of the age limits. In Sussex a man of seventy-nine joined, saying he was sixty-five. He had been turned down as too old for the army in 1914.

In Worthing a volunteer named Lowe enlisted, although he was seventy-seven and had first joined the army in 1878 and held such long-forgotten medals as the Khedive's Star and the Egyptian Medal.

Charles Sutherland, a newsagent who had lost both legs in the Black Watch in 1916, joined at Dundee. When the police told him that they had been instructed to accept only fit men, he replied: "I shoot with my eyes and arms. I don't need legs to shoot straight."

He had been shooting at Bisley for nineteen years and held many medals and cups.

There was no organization for the L.D.V. and no time to set one up. The Nazis were expected at any hour. So lord lieutenants of counties were asked to pick area commanders, and local commanders were sometimes appointed by area commanders, sometimes elected.

In Manchester the area commander was given the names and addresses of seven thousand men and told: "There are your volunteers—organize them."

He had no orders, no quarters, not even a skeleton staff. He had no authority to buy even a stamp, so he called together ten men, told them what he wanted, gave each a list of ten more volunteers and said: "Round up these men and bring them along tomorrow."

By this snowball system, all seven thousand were called in a few days.

In the Sussex village of Wilmington a meeting was called in the local pub, the Black Horse, to decide who should be commander. After a long discussion, the young publican Roy Reynolds was elected on the recommendation of a farm worker who said: "He's the best rabbit shot in these parts." Reynolds was killed later bombing Berlin.

The War Office could spare only seventy thousand rifles for the Home Guard, and these were mostly old.

A few uniforms of denim overalls were issued, but most volunteers wore civilian clothes and armbands with the letters "L.D.V." There was a shortage of armbands, too, and some volunteers made their own.

Whatever their arms, with or without uniforms, the L.D.V.s were soon on patrol.

On the night of May 21, dressed in civvies, the first volunteers patrolled Chatham under the command of Admiral Sir H. J. Studholme Brownrigg. The first patrol in uniform went out at the

Continued on page 33

When King George VI was on his way to a Home Guard rally at Woodford he was stopped at a road block and ordered to prove his identity

Dr. Edith Summerskill campaigned for women to be allowed to join the Home Guard. In 1942 an auxiliary Women's Home Defence Unit was formed

A bright young crowd leads a gay life at Kinnersley Manor—even though it's early to bed and horror comics are banned

Home from home for the lollipop set

by *KEITH ELLIS*

Mrs. Winifred Vestey employs twenty-two helpers at her children's hotel. Her aim is a happy family life—in forty rooms

After lunch on the terrace residents settle

THE baby's breathing had almost stopped. Alarmed, the sister in charge called Mrs. Winifred Vestey, principal and owner of Kinnersley Manor children's hotel. Herself a trained nurse, Mrs. Vestey took one look and rang the hospital. "The baby had been suffering from infantile eczema," she says, "and now had a respiratory collapse. The hospital suggested that I called a doctor. I said there wasn't time and told them I was bringing the baby in straight away."

When they arrived, the doctor immediately called for an oxygen tent. For some hours nobody knew whether the baby would live or die. Then the crisis passed. "I tried to telephone the parents," says Mrs. Vestey, "but they were out. I sent a wire, but there was still no answer. By the time I was able to get in touch with them, the baby was back at Kinnersley. I found later that they'd been touring abroad."

In the last few years hotels catering exclusively for children have sprung up all over the country. They were almost unknown before the war, but there are now at least fifty. Originally intended as places where parents taking their holidays abroad could leave their children, they now attract children from all over the world.

Kinnersley Manor, near Reigate, Surrey, is typical. In the last ten years Mrs. Vestey has cared for more than two thousand children whose parents have been temporarily or permanently unable to find homes for them. She takes into her family children of all ages from ten days to thirteen years. They come from almost every country in the world including Spain and Persia, Poland and Siam, Malaya and the Argentine.

Some children come for a holiday; others because their parents are sick or moving house. One father booked in his family of five because their nanny had left. The permanent boarders nearly all have mothers who have to go out to work. One mother, an ice-skater, has to spend long hours at rehearsal; another supports her war-wounded husband. Several are living apart from their husbands.

"We also act as parents in this country to children whose real parents are abroad," says Mrs. Vestey. "Often they're in boarding-schools and come here for their holidays. My husband and I go to their speech days and take them out on their half holidays."

A shrewd, apple-cheeked woman of fifty-one, she has to cope with all the problems that beset the mother of an ordinary family. But at Kinnersley they occur on a much bigger scale. One of her most harassing periods started when a little girl came out in a rash. "It was measles. I knew that within ten days all the other children would have it."

She quickly turned the night nursery into an isolation ward and darkened the windows. As more children fell ill she converted more rooms and later fitted up convalescent wards. Except for one boy who had a chest complication, the children made good recoveries.

Mrs. Vestey was about to change back to her normal routine when a little boy started with whooping-cough, and she had to go through the whole process again. Over the next few weeks every child had whooping-cough. The last was well on the way to recovery when another child broke out in a chicken-pox rash. Mrs. Vestey calmly went through the drill a third time.

"The epidemics lasted a whole year," she says, "and everyone had everything. But there's one thing about having children ill *en masse*, they're good at taking medicine. They feel left out and complain if they don't have it."

Kinnersley is a forty-roomed Tudor manor-house set among nine acres of lawns, flower-beds, paddocks and vegetable patches in rural Surrey. Primarily the Vesteys and their two children—Jeremy, nineteen, and Pippa, sixteen—regard it as their family home. Although Mrs. Vestey employs a staff of twenty-two, including three State-registered nurses, three nursery assistants, two gardeners and a secretary, the boarders help with the chores as they would in an ordinary family.

Immediately after 6.45 a.m. reveille, everyone sets to. The boys carry the tables and chairs on to the terrace for breakfast; the girls help to dress the toddlers. "It's good training for them," says Mrs. Vestey. "The first morning that one of my five-year-olds went to school she asked the teacher: 'Can I help you with the children?'"

In their spare time the children take on more responsible jobs. One boy waters and feeds the goats, another cleans out the chicken-run. Before Mrs. Vestey installed a milking-machine the older girls used to milk her four tuberculin-tested cows. Others weed the garden. "For occasional jobs I give them an iced lolly from the

down to enjoy iced lollies. Mrs. Vestey charges about five guineas a week for full board

deep-freeze," she says, "but for the regular ones I pay sixpence a week pocket money. Some earn about half a crown."

Although most children eventually settle down—she says she has had to send home only half a dozen children in ten years—many find their first night difficult. Most are left by their parents in the afternoon, watch television in the lounge and have tea. "Going to bed in a strange place is the final blow."

Most cry for their mothers. Mrs. Vestey asks them to look round at the other children. "None of these have their mummies either," she points out. Two sisters who had always slept together could not understand why they were expected to take single cots. "I separated them several times," says Mrs. Vestey. "But next morning they were both together again. It was several days before they got used to sleeping apart." For children who are unable to go to sleep, she keeps a cot in her own room. "They think that's wonderful."

Rules are few and simple. The drive and the orchard are out of bounds and children must not go near the river unless accompanied by a member of the staff. Sherbet, chewing-gum, American comics and television space-serials are banned.

The children still have plenty of scope for mischief. They try to eat acorns and throw toys down the lavatories. They wage pillow-fights in the dormitories and raid the orchard for small apples to use as missiles. Recently some boys climbed on the pigsty during a game of cowboys and crashed through the asbestos roof.

Mrs. Vestey thinks that the children who come on holiday are the most unruly, especially those who have been before and know their way around. Not long ago she converted a top dormitory into a playroom and installed a table-tennis table. Four young brothers on holiday from boarding-school decided to show the other children how tough they were.

After smashing the table-tennis table they jumped up and down inside the wardrobe until they had splintered its floor. They then took the drawers out of the chest and used them as boats for a naval battle. Soon, they too were matchwood. "I could charge the parents," says Mrs. Vestey, "but I don't. After all, you've got to remember these boys were here on holiday."

It was shortly after the war that Mrs. Vestey decided to exploit her training in children's hospitals and clinics by setting up a nursery. She and her husband looked round for a suitable house. Kinnersley was on the market for £9,000. They sold for £4,500 the house that they had bought three years before and bought Kinnersley on mortgage. "Since then, we've never stopped improving it."

When she mentioned the project to her doctor, he advised her to talk to a woman who was already running a nursery in nearby Reigate. By chance, she had just had an inquiry from a separated couple who wanted to leave their two small children with her. Full up, she recommended them to Mrs. Vestey. "Since then we've just grown. And as the permanent boarders got older, we developed into a children's hotel."

Mrs. Vestey currently charges long-term boarders five guineas a week, and the rest five and a half guineas. She has had four bad debts—including that of a father who owed £95, called to take his boy out for the weekend and, instead of returning him, whisked him off to Africa.

Although Mrs. Vestey does not claim that Kinnersley is exactly the same as a real home, she says: "This is the nearest approach you could have to a big family—and that's the best upbringing for any child." She points out that most children benefit from living in a community.

One boy arrived with a brand new cricket set. The others wanted to play with it straightaway and all of them went off for a game. "Unfortunately he'd played only with his father. As soon as he got tired he drew stumps—right in the middle of a game. The other boys were horrified. I satisfied them by lending them my husband's 'grown-up' set. Then I explained to the new boy that he had to let other people do what they wanted. After that, he let them play with his set whenever they asked." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Residents help Mrs. Vestey with one of the goats. For odd jobs they can earn as much as half a crown pocket money

One nursing sister looks after children under eighteen months. Kinnersley's youngest boarder was only ten days old

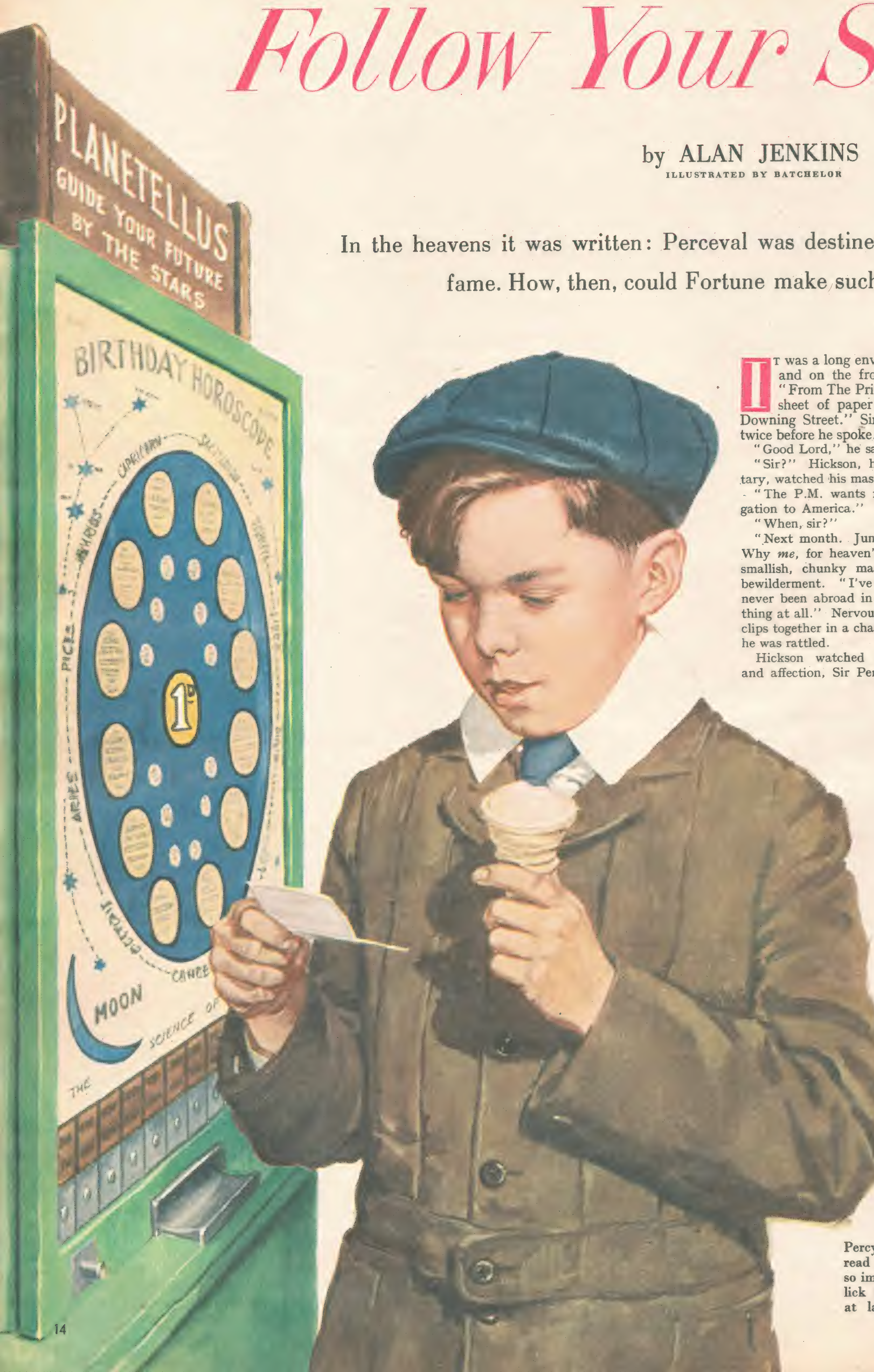
The grounds of the Manor make a good playground. Only two places are out of bounds—front drive and orchard

Follow Your Star

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

In the heavens it was written: Perceval was destined for fame. How, then, could Fortune make such a fool of him?


PLANETELLUS
GUIDE YOUR FUTURE BY THE STARS
BIRTHDAY HOROSCOPE
CAPRICORN
SAGITTARIUS
AQUARIUS
PISCES
ARIES
GEMINI
CANCER
1d
MOON
THE SCIENCE OF

It was a long envelope of thick parchment and on the front of it were the words "From The Prime Minister." The single sheet of paper inside was headed "10 Downing Street." Sir Perceval Bland read it twice before he spoke.

"Good Lord," he said.

"Sir?" Hickson, his personal private secretary, watched his master's face intently.

"The P.M. wants me to head a trade delegation to America."

"When, sir?"

"Next month. June the twenty-fourth. . . . Why *me*, for heaven's sake?" Sir Perceval, a smallish, chunky man, looked up in genuine bewilderment. "I've never been to America, never been abroad in my life. Not my sort of thing at all." Nervously he began joining paper clips together in a chain. It was a sure sign that he was rattled.

Hickson watched him in mingled wonder and affection, Sir Perceval Bland, K.B.E. and

Percy took the card and read it slowly. He was so impressed that he didn't lick his ice cream. Here, at last, was appreciation a string of other letters after his name. Chairman of four companies, on the board of a dozen others, owner of a chain of four hundred teashops. A man who, if seen to be wearing this or that expression in his club, could send other members scurrying to telephone their stockbrokers. Catering adviser to the armed forces, trade consultant to Her Majesty's Government. . . .

True-Blue Bland, they called him. Cartoonists invariably drew him with a pipe, a fishing rod, and with a Union Jack in his hat. He was fifty-four, and he'd never been out of Britain. Reporters, hard up for a story, never tired of asking him where he was going for his holiday. "Going abroad," he would twinkle, "to Scotland." Or: "I'm thinking of crossing the ocean —to the Isle of Wight for Cowes week."

Sir Perceval's paper-clip chain was now nearly a foot long. "Can't very well refuse the P.M., I suppose," he growled. "He might have given me a bit more notice, though. What do we need for this lark, anyway? You'll have to come, too, Hickson."

"Air tickets, hotel reservations in Washington," Hickson muttered, scribbling industriously. "You'll need some light linen suits for Washington, sir—it's excessively hot there, I understand. And, of course, your passport and passport photograph——"

"Passport? Never had one in my life. . . ."

"And a visitor's visa, signed by the American Vice-Consul——"

"Visa? What the hell's that for?"

"To make it clear that you don't intend to seek employment there, sir," Hickson said solemnly. "You have to go to a place in Oxford Street and sign a statement that you have never been associated with the Communist Party. . . ."

Sir Perceval let out a bellow of fury. "Now look here, Hickson. . . ."

"I'd better—er—start making the arrangements, sir." Hickson tactfully withdrew.

Left alone, Sir Perceval walked morosely over to the window and looked out upon the City he knew; the City that knew him. When he turned back to the room, there was an expression on his face that few people had ever seen; the uncertain look of a solitary small boy. He went over to his private safe, unlocked it and took out a black portfolio. With a final glance at the door to satisfy himself that he would not be interrupted, he took out a thin sheet of paper and studied it.

It was headed *Your Individual Horoscope For June*. He ran his finger down the date chart until he came to June the twenty-fourth.

Important business moves go ahead, he read. *Beware of possible misunderstandings. Propitious for foreign travel. Lucky numbers: 6, 15, 24. . . .*

Relief stole over him. He put the chart in his pocket and locked the safe again.

This was the secret of Bland's life: the secret nobody but himself knew, not even his wife. It had been his secret for forty-three years. A secret that had begun on Brighton Pier in the sultry, menacing summer of 1914. . . .

HE wasn't really supposed to go on the pier alone. Mr. and Mrs. Dibben, who were strict chapel, disapproved of certain things that went on there. The pier, in fact, was rather *common*. . . . Poor Mr. and Mrs. Dibben: they were Percy's guardians, and he called them Uncle and Auntie. Elderly, with no children of their own, they had looked after him since his parents had died eight years before.

Uncle and Auntie were now dozing in deck-chairs on the front. Percy had permission to go anywhere he liked (except on the pier) provided that he returned within an hour; and he had been given twopence for ice-cream. What Uncle and Auntie did not know was that Percy was also in possession of a postal order for the enormous sum of half a crown. This had been a birthday present from his Great Aunt Florence, who lived in Harrogate.

Percy felt very guilty about his half-crown, almost as if he had stolen it. He had found the letter that morning, before Uncle and Auntie were up, and opened it in the privacy of his room in the boarding house. If he told Uncle and Auntie about Great Aunt Florence's present, they would only make him put it in the Post Office Savings Bank; and it was such ages since he had had a spending spree.

He changed his postal order into a shilling, a sixpence and twelve pennies at the post office, and made straight for the pier.

The Palace Of Novelties was like nothing he had ever seen before in his life. There was a shooting gallery with real Winchester rifles; a lucky dip; a Try Your Strength machine. . . . Percy tried them all.

Then he noticed a row of strange-looking machines against the wall. He stared at them in utter fascination. There was the Execution Of Mary Queen Of Scots, the Hanging Of Doctor Crippen, and Chinese Tortures, all gruesomely realistic. You inserted a coin, a curtain rose on a small stage, and mechanized puppets enacted their horrid rôles before your eyes.

Percy went methodically through all of them. This was the wonderful wicked world opening up before him. He returned to his favourite, the Execution Of Mary Queen Of Scots, and spent twopence on two more performances. It was brilliant, glittering, frightening, gorgeous. . . .

THERE was one more machine in a corner by itself; an austere pillar of a thing, painted green. GUIDE YOUR FUTURE BY THE STARS, it said; PRESS BUTTON ON DATE OF BIRTH AND EXPERT CHARACTER READING WILL FOLLOW.

How could a machine tell him these things? Percy wondered mistrustfully. He had spent ninepence, and he wanted to stop at a shilling. He would need twopence for a double ice-cream. That left a penny. *Oh, well—blow the extravagance!—might as well have a go.* He turned the indicator to his birthday, July 26, and pressed the button. A folded card fell out of a slot into a tray. He clutched it tightly, bought his ice-cream, and wandered back towards the magic machine, reading his future.

You are born in the sign of LEO, he read. *Your strong sense of duty, firmness of purpose and sureness of aim will carry you far along life's road.*

Percy stopped licking his ice-cream. Here was appreciation at last.

You have courage and great ambition. Like others in your Sign, you are born to greatness. You have but to lead: lesser men will follow you.

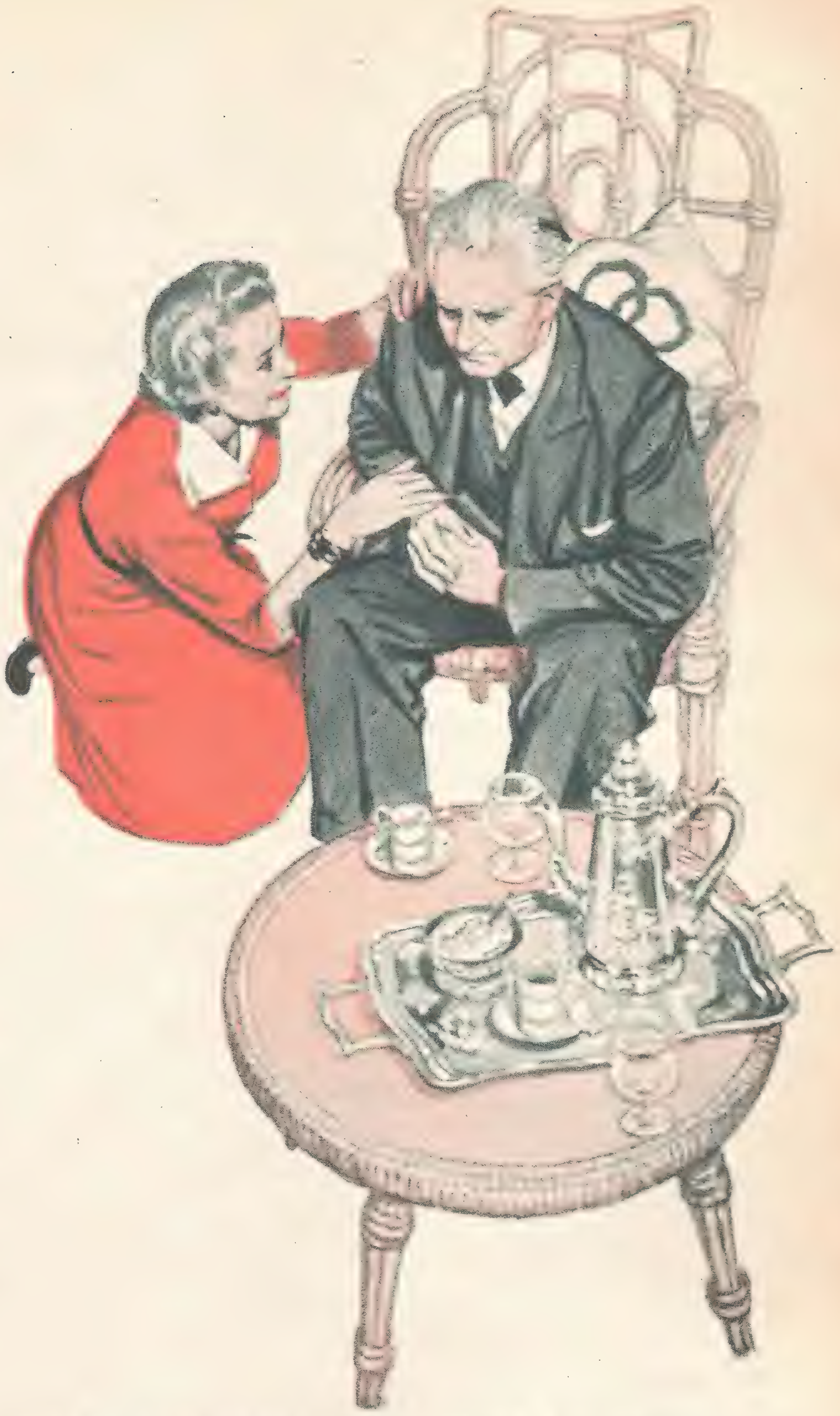
There was more of the same sort of thing, and then a note at the end which said that, for an individual character reading, Percy must send a shilling and a penny stamp for postage to Madame Arcati at an address in Camberwell. But Percy did not worry then about Madame Arcati. He was lost in a dream of the future, of the world that was his to make and mould.

Now everything was different. What did it matter that he won no prizes at school, was not particularly good at football, usually lost his fights, and often felt lonely and cut off from other children? Auntie and Uncle had few friends, and they were all so old. This annual fortnight at Brighton was the only relief he knew from the grey round of school, homework, chapel, Sunday school, and good plain cooking. Never mind. Nothing mattered any more. Power would be his. . . . He was born to greatness. . . .

A week later, it was everybody's time for greatness, for the first World War had begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Dibben took Percy back to Croydon, where they lived. He got a scolding from Auntie when she learned that he had spent Great Aunt Florence's birthday money instead of putting it into the bank. But he didn't care. He had a secret weapon: he was one of the chosen few to whom mysteries had been revealed.

They got results, too. At school he came in for less bullying. He discovered that if you chucked your weight about a bit, other boys left you alone and eventually came to have a certain respect for you. On the football field there was no great improvement, except the realization that, if you didn't *mind* being bad at football and just laughed it off, nobody else minded much. At the end of the Christmas term he was even awarded a certificate for General Work, which meant that he had tried hard.



Sir Perceval sighed heavily. "Look, darling," he said. "I've got a sort of confession to make. . . . My whole life has been a fraud . . ."

Soon after his fourteenth birthday Percy left school. *Seize your first chance of financial gain,* wrote Madame Arcati, with whom Percy was now in regular touch by correspondence. So, within a month, though Uncle and Auntie wanted him to sit for a Civil Service examination so that he would have a safe job for life, Percy was addressing envelopes for a firm of currant importers in Mincing Lane at a salary of 15s. a week.

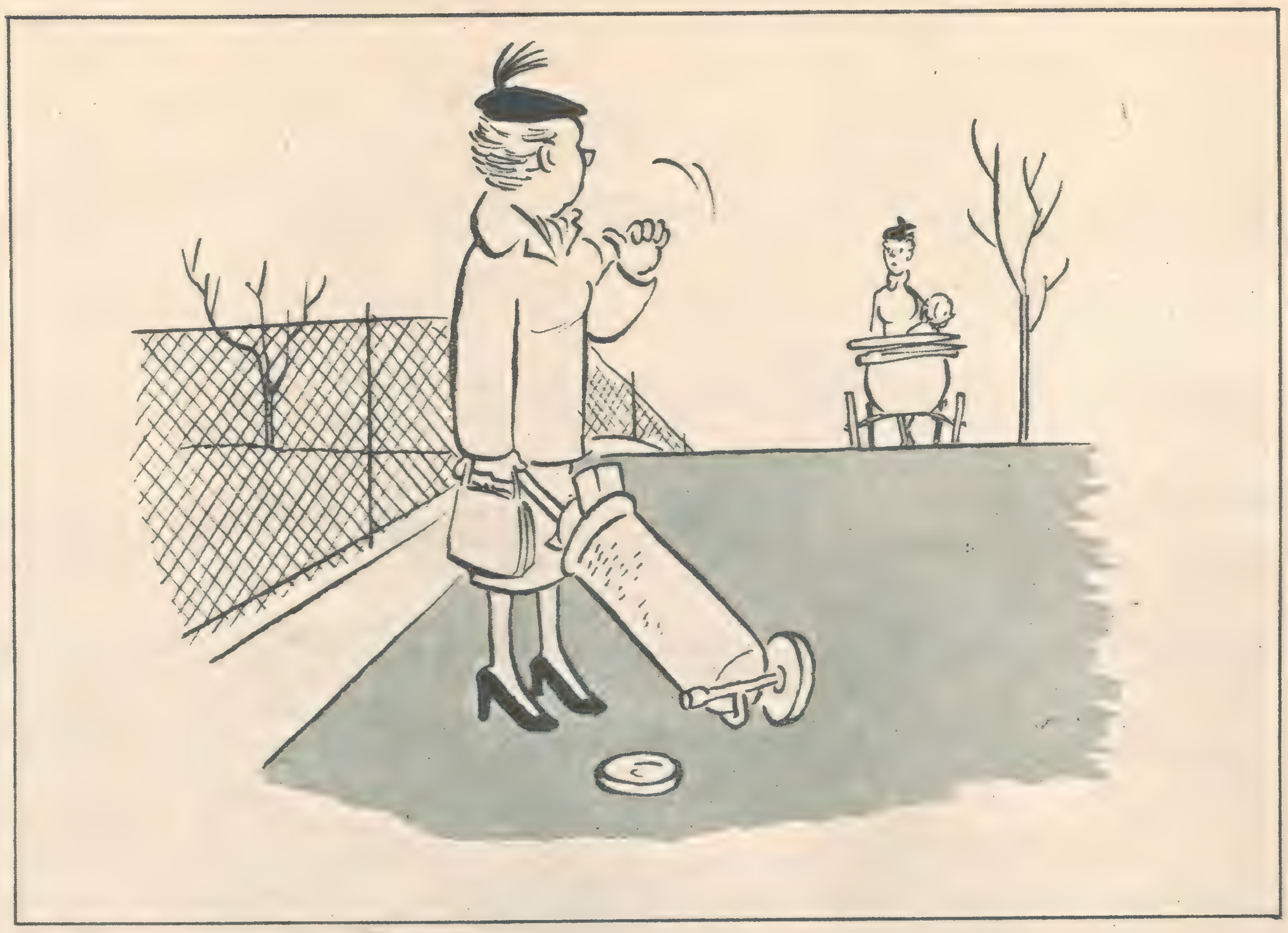
Percy never actually *saw* a currant during the year he spent in Mincing Lane; indeed, there were precious few currants to be had, owing to the war. Nevertheless, he answered an advertisement in the *Westminster Gazette* for "a junior clerk, experience of the fruit trade preferred"; and having sought the advice of Madame Arcati (*Change is in the air, but do not change merely from boredom. Make sure that your true worth is recognized*), he got the job—at 22s. a week.

No longer did Percy address envelopes. He actually wrote letters to people. One of the firms he most frequently wrote to was Grant and Macnamara, wholesale bakers and confectioners, famous for their rich Dundee cake, which wasn't made in Dundee at all, but in Stepney. The connection was obvious: Percy's firm supplied much of the fruit that went into Grant and Macnamara's cakes.

After the war the fruit trade began to look up. So did the cake trade. So did Percy's prospects. At seventeen he was given a rise. At eighteen he actually met one of the people he had been writing letters to: young Douglas Macnamara, grandson of one of the founders of Grant and

Continued on page 24

IN SHORT



Question Time

Can I hold the nail for you?
No, thanks.
Would I hurt myself?
You might. It's a very tricky job.
Will you hurt yourself?
I hope not.
Can't you hit it harder?
Not just at the moment.
I could hit it harder. I could hit it very hard.
Could you?
I could hit it much harder than that.
Right. Well, so can I now. Watch.
What did you say, Daddy? I didn't hear what you said. I said I didn't hear what you said.
I didn't say anything. The hammer slipped.
Did you hit your thumb?
Yes.
Can I see it?
There's nothing to see. It's all right now.
Aren't you going to hammer any more, then?
In a tick. I'm just waiting a minute.
I could hammer for you if you want to hold your thumb.
No, thanks.
Why is the nail bent, Daddy? Did you want to bend it? I said did you want——?
No, it was a mistake. I'll have to take it out now.
Are you putting another one in?
What's it look like?
I bet it would go right in if you hit it harder. I said I bet it would go right in——

LIONEL DAVIDSON

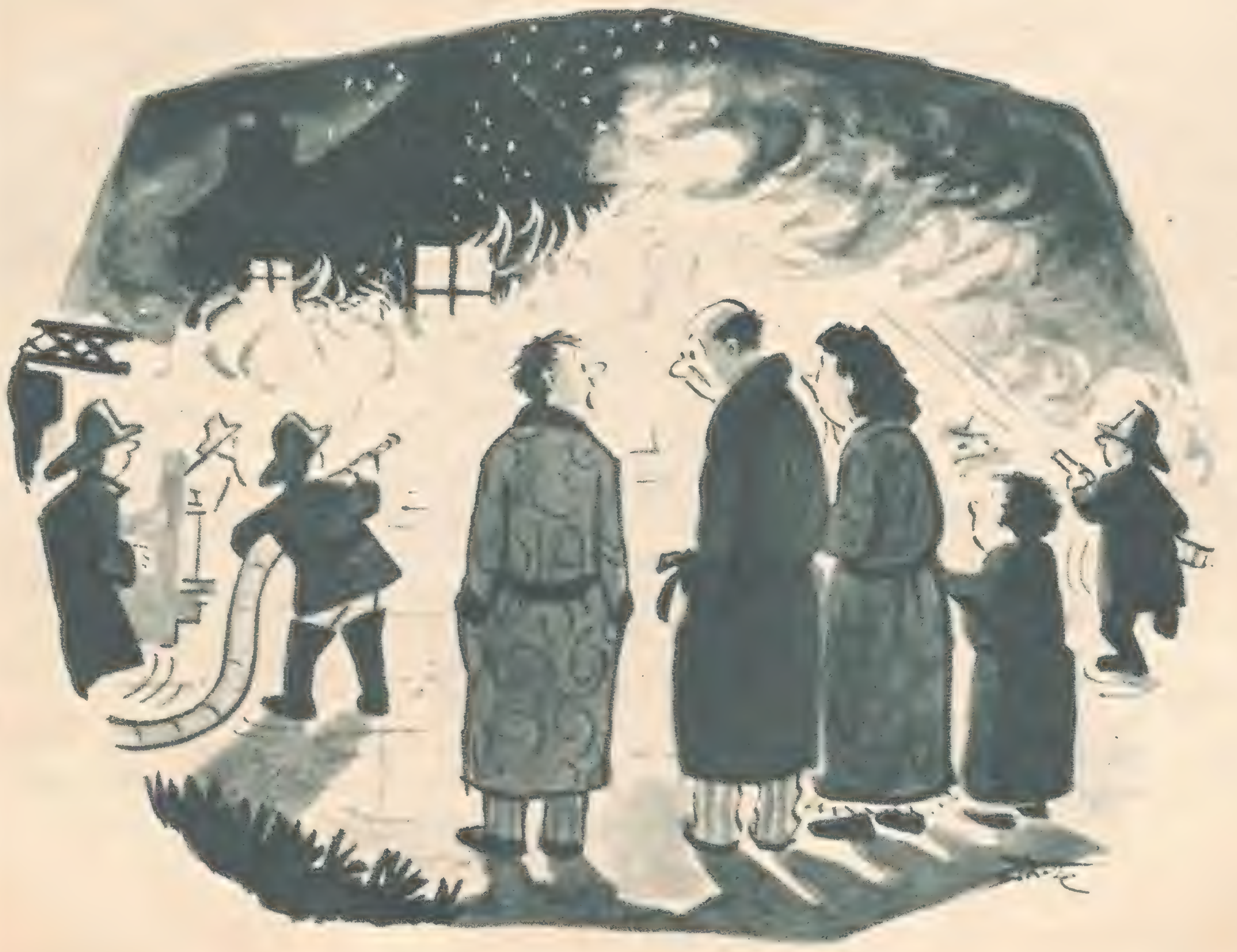
Other People's Letters

Russia interests me greatly. The clash is bound to come, I think. In modern Europe it was first Spain which tried to dominate; then France had two tries; then Germany had her go. It works from West to East, doesn't it? And England has been the main obstacle each time. Usually there has been about a hundred years between each effort; but the tempo of life has grown so much faster since the age of machines opened, that it's quite on the cards that Russia may have her go in our time. It will be a complicated and difficult affair, which we will win, of course, after we have learnt the necessary modification of tactics. . . . Do you know, if I'd known as much about the British Government in 1917 as I do now I could have got enough of them behind me to have radically changed the face of Asia?

Russia, to these people, seems the new and growing idea; whereas there is more promise and capacity in our structure than she will contain in the next thousand years.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of last column.

Starke's Guide To Good Manners



"A simple 'I am sorry' is correct for a guest who has to apologize for having smoked in bed"

Foreign Affairs

William Brown parked his car on the side of a Detroit, Michigan, highway to take a nap and woke up next morning to discover the car jack and all five tyres—including the spare—missing.

Ronald Haag ran down a pheasant with his car in Deep River, Connecticut. He was fined a total of £18—for swerving to the wrong side of the road to hit the bird, hunting out of season, using a motor vehicle for hunting and hunting on a Sunday.

Regularly supplied by air drops from United States Air Force Globemasters, Americans stationed at the South Pole depot opened a carefully packaged crate of eggs and discovered a cracked egg inside. But as they were about to throw it away, they noticed a message scrawled on its surface: "This egg was cracked before it was dropped."

To Those In Love

You may say it with orchids,
Or merely with heather;
You may say it with kisses
Regardless of weather;
You may say it with sable,
And always with mink;
But watch out, my son,
You don't write it in ink!

DENIS FOSTER

The Last Word

Charles Lederer, a well-known American theatre personality, was dining in one of New York's plushiest restaurants with a beautiful actress he was courting. During the meal she began lecturing him about his general untidiness and his lazy habits. He listened apparently in contrite agreement and then, as the lady concluded with a demand that he mend his ways, he rose to his feet, in his underpants, and handed her his trousers which he had contrived to remove while she was talking.

"Here," he suggested, "you'd better wear these. . . ." And he stalked firmly out.

The letter was written by Lawrence of Arabia to Edward Marsh in 1927. From "Selected Letters Of T. E. Lawrence"; publishers Jonathan Cape and the Reprint Society.

Will our winters get whiter?

by ANTHONY HANCOX

Snowstorms may be a thing of the past—but they've a future, too. The forecast is: heavy falls later

Drifting down at two or three miles an hour, snowflakes arrive silently enough. But even the lightest fall puts half a million tons of snow on the streets of London and its suburbs

An amateur meteorologist recently spent three years tracing old weather records and scrutinizing them for any mention of snow. He also read through a dozen newspapers day by day back to the 1880s. Each time the depth of a snowfall was reported he made a note of it. When he had finished he was able to substantiate the claim often made by Victorians—in their day the winters were much more snowy.

The investigation was carried out by C. J. Forestier-Walker, a Londoner. The records and newspapers related to Monmouthshire and showed that between 1851 and 1900 there were twenty-nine falls of snow more than six inches deep, compared with only sixteen between 1901 and 1950. "But similar trends in the past have not persisted for very long," says Forestier-Walker. "I expect that in the next half-century we shall return to heavier snowstorms."

Snow's estimated rate of fall is two to three miles an hour. On average, snow has fallen on forty-six days a year at Braemar, twenty-nine at Huddersfield, twenty-four at Birmingham, seventeen at Croydon, five at Torquay and two at Newquay. In this century most of Britain's chief towns had snow on Christmas Day on only six occasions, in 1906, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1938 and 1956.

Snow makes the world a warmer place in winter. Holding a large amount of air, it is a poor conductor of heat. A blanket of snow acts as an insulator, preventing the earth from losing much of the heat which it absorbed during summer. The deeper the snow, and the longer it is on the ground, the warmer the earth remains. Without a covering of snow, soil freezes to a greater depth, and greater damage is done to the roots of plants. In Northern Greenland, where there is little snow, the soil freezes to a depth of three hundred feet and is almost bare of vegetation except for summertime mosses. Snow also helps animals to keep warm. Polar bears dig caves inside snowdrifts; their body heat keeps the caves warmer than the air outside.

There is some truth in the saying that "it is too cold to snow." The colder the air happens to be, the less moisture it can contain to turn into snow. It snows very little at the Poles because it is so cold. Most of the snow which falls there does so in summer, when it is warmer. For many years Verkhoyansk, in north-east Siberia, held the world low temperature record with 126 degrees of frost. Last July the American base at the South Pole beat the Russians by recording 135½ degrees of frost. The British record, forty-nine degrees of frost, was set up at Braemar in 1895.

The deepest snowdrift reported in Britain was said to have filled Tavy Cleave, a Dartmoor ravine, to a depth of three hundred feet in 1891. Elizabeth Woodcock, a farmer's wife, fell into a snowdrift at Impington, near Cambridge, in 1799, and was buried for eight days. She was rescued alive and a monument commemorating her incarceration stands on the site. Augustin Courtauld, a British scientist, was trapped beneath five feet of snow in 1931 when drifts covered his igloo in Greenland. A relief party dug him out alive after forty-four days.

Polar snow comes in summer; in winter it's too cold. At the South Pole last year, Americans registered 135½ degrees of frost—a record

Until recently scientists investigating snow had to fly through clouds in slow-moving aeroplanes and lean over the side to catch sample flakes on sticky plates. It was the only way in which they could find out how snow crystals varied at different heights and temperatures. Now snow is being grown artificially in a freezing chamber at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London.

"Most of the rain which falls in Britain, and in the temperate areas generally, starts its descent as snow," says Dr. John Mason, who is in charge of snow research at Imperial College. "The more we learn about how snow is formed, the better our position to create rain artificially."

During three recent winters, Dr. Jack H. Schulman, a scientist at Cambridge University, pleased skiers at St. Moritz by causing snowfalls. He sprayed the air with a solution of silver iodide, which helps water vapour to turn into ice. In 1953 one of his snowfalls lasted for twelve hours.

When British skiers wanted a ski jump on Hampstead Heath in 1950, a group of Norwegian ski clubs packed fifty tons of snow into insulated wooden boxes and shipped it to Britain. On arrival, Customs men demanded payment of duty. The snow was allowed through without payment only when it had been shown that it was to be used for educational purposes. The ski jump, erected on scaffolding, lasted for two days, despite brilliant March sunshine.

The beauty of snow has attracted attention from early times. In the Bible, in the Book of Job, appears the question, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" Descartes, the French philosopher who laid the foundations of analytical geometry, drew sketches of crystal designs. Dr. Robert Hooke, a seventeenth-century English physicist, looked at snow crystals through his microscope.

The intricate geometrical designs of snow crystals provide unlimited ideas for the decoration of curtains, dresses, ties and wallpaper, although most buyers do not realize that the patterns they admire were derived from snow.

One American naturalist built up a collection of five thousand microphotographs of snow crystals. Each had a different design. THE END

Hornblower and the Spanish Slaver

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Now the Navy's hopes hung on a thread. If this magnificent prize escaped, the whole of the Caribbean would be laughing

At supper with his staff aboard the flagship Clorinda, Rear-Admiral Hornblower was striving to appear very calm. A short distance away from where Clorinda lay at anchor in the Spanish West Indian harbour of San Juan a delicate manoeuvre was taking place. The crew of Clorinda's guard-boat was stealthily fixing a drogue to the Spanish slave ship Estrella del Sur.

The drogue was a funnel of canvas. When Estrella was at sea a length of spun yarn would break, and then the drogue would catch water, greatly reducing the vessel's speed. Only then could Clorinda overhaul her.

For Estrella was the faster ship. The day before she had slipped past Clorinda into the safety of San Juan, where the British had no right to touch her. This had cost Hornblower's flag captain, Sir Thomas Fell, the £500 he would have made in head money for the freed slaves. More serious, his failure might cost Fell his command.

Hornblower disliked Fell, but he determined to help him. Using his secretary, Spendlove, as a go-between, Hornblower insinuated the plan for the drogue—his plan—into Sir Thomas's mind. If it worked, Sir Thomas would get the credit.

Now there were unmistakable sounds on the deck of Clorinda. Hornblower forced himself to ignore them. Then came the expected message.

"Captain's respects, My Lord, and the boat has returned."

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Chase Begins

Lord Hornblower's voice was quite steady. "My compliments to the captain, and I'll be glad to see him and the lieutenant here as soon as is convenient. . . ."

One glance at Fell as he entered the cabin was sufficient to indicate that the expedition had been successful, so far, at least.

"All well, My Lord," he said, his florid face suffused with excitement.

"Excellent!" The lieutenant who had been in command of the boat was a grizzled veteran older than Hornblower; and Hornblower could not help but think to himself that, had he not enjoyed great good fortune on several occasions, he would be only a lieutenant, too.

"Will you sit down, gentlemen?" he said. "A glass of wine? Mr. Gerard, order fresh glasses if you please. Sir Thomas, would you mind if I hear Mr. Field's story from his own lips?"

Field had no fluency of speech. His story had to be drawn from him by questions.

Everything had gone well. Two strong swimmers, their faces blackened, had slipped overside from the guard-boat and had swum unseen to the Estrella. Working with knives, they had been able to prise off the copper from the second rudder-brace below the water line. With an auger they had made a space large enough to pass a line through.

The most ticklish part of the work had been approaching near enough in the guard-boat and putting the drogue overside after it had been attached to the line, but Field reported that no hail had come from the Estrella. The chain had followed the line and had been securely shackled. Now the drogue hung at the Estrella's stern, safely out of sight below the surface, ready to exert its full force on her rudder when—and if—the spun yarn which held the drogue reversed should part.

"Excellent," said Hornblower again, when Field's last halting sentence was uttered. "You've done very well, Mr. Field, thank you."

"Thank you, My Lord."

When Field had left, Hornblower could address himself to Fell.

"Your plan has worked out admirably, Sir Thomas. Now it only remains to catch the Estrella. I would strongly recommend you to make all preparations for getting under way at daylight. The sooner we leave after the Estrella has sailed the better, don't you think?"

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

The ship's bell overhead anticipated the next question Hornblower was about to ask.

"Three hours to daylight," he said. "I'll say goodnight to you gentlemen, then."

It had been a day of ceaseless activity, mental if not physical, since dawn. After a long, hot evening it seemed to Hornblower that his feet had swollen to twice their ordinary size and that his gold-buckled shoes had made no allowance for this expansion—he could hardly pry them off.

He took off ribbon and star and gold-laced coat, and reluctantly reminded himself that he would have to put them on again for his ceremonial departure in three hours' time. He sponged himself down with water from his wash basin and sank down, sighing with relief, on his cot in the night cabin. . . .

He woke automatically when the watch was called; the cabin was still quite dark and he was at a loss, for a couple of seconds, about why there should be this feeling of urgency within him. Then he remembered, and was wide awake at once, shouting to the sentry at the door to pass the word for his servant Giles.

He shaved by lamplight in feverish haste, and then, once more in the hated full dress uniform, he sped up the ladder to the quarterdeck. It was still pitch dark; no, perhaps there was the slightest glimmering of daylight.

The quarterdeck was crowded with shadowy figures, more even than would be found there with the ship's company at stations for getting under way. At sight of them Hornblower

"Clear away the bow chaser," shouted Fell as his frigate thrashed on. "Fire a shot across her bow"

nearly turned back, having no wish to reveal that he shared the same weaknesses as the rest of them, but Fell had caught sight of him.

“Good morning, My Lord.”

“Morning, Sir Thomas.”

“Land breeze blowing full, My Lord.”

No doubt about that; Hornblower could feel it breathing round him, delightful after the sweltering stuffiness of the cabin. In these midsummer tropics it would be of short duration; it would be cut off short as soon as the sun, lifting over the horizon, should get to work in its brassy strength upon the land.

“Estrella's making ready for sea, My Lord.”

There was no doubt about that either; the sounds of it made their way over the water through the twilight.

“I don't have to ask if you are ready, Sir Thomas.”

“All ready, My Lord. Hands standing by at the capstan.”

“Very well.”

Undoubtedly it was lighter already; the figures on the quarterdeck—now much more clearly defined—had all moved over to the starboard side, lining the rail. Half a dozen telescopes were being extended and pointed towards the Estrella del Sur.

“Sir Thomas, put an end to that, if you please. Send that crowd below.”

“They're anxious to see——”

“I know what they want to see. Send them below immediately.”

“Aye, aye, My Lord.”

Everybody, of course, was desperately anxious to see if anything was visible at the Estrella's waterline aft which might reveal what had been done during the night. But there could be no surer way of calling the attention of the Estrella's captain to something suspicious under his stern than by pointing telescopes at it.

“Officer of the watch!”

“My Lord?”

“See to it that nobody points a telescope for one moment towards the Estrella.”

“Aye, aye, My Lord.”

“When there's enough light to see clearly, you can sweep round the harbour as you might be expected to do. Not more than five seconds for the Estrella, but make sure you see all there is to see.”

“Aye, aye, My Lord.”

The eastern sky was now displaying faint greens and yellows, against which Morro Castle silhouetted itself magnificently though faintly, but in its shadow all was still dark. Even before breakfast it was a romantic moment.

Then it occurred to Hornblower that the presence of an admiral in full dress on the quarterdeck so early might itself be a suspicious circumstance.

“I'm going below, Sir Thomas. Please keep me informed.”

“Aye, aye, My Lord.”

In the day-cabin Gerard and Spendlove sprang to their feet as Hornblower entered; presumably they had been among those ordered below.

“Mr. Spendlove, I am profiting by your admirable example of yesterday. I shall make sure of my breakfast while I may. Would you please order breakfast, Mr. Gerard? I presume you gentlemen will favour me with your company.”

Hornblower threw himself negligently into a chair and watched the preparations. Half-way through them a knock at the door brought in Fell himself.

“Estrella's clearly in sight, now, My Lord. And there's nothing under her stern.”

“Thank you, Sir Thomas.”

Daylight crept in through the cabin windows as Hornblower began breakfast, making the lamplight garish and unnecessary. Another knock brought in a midshipman.

“Cap'n's respects, My Lord, and Estrella's casting off.”

“Very well.”

Soon she would be under way, and their device would be put to the test. Hornblower made himself bite and masticate another mouthful of toast.

“Can't you young men sit still for even a moment?” he snapped. “Pour me some more coffee, Gerard.”

“Estrella's warping out into the channel, My Lord,” reported the midshipman again.

“Very well,” said Hornblower sipping fastidiously at his coffee, and hoping that nobody could guess how much his pulse rate had accelerated.

The minutes dragged by. . . .

“Estrella's preparing to make sail, My Lord.”

“Very well.” Hornblower put down his coffee cup slowly, and, as slowly as he could manage it, rose from his chair, the eyes of the two young men never leaving him.

“I think,” he said, dragging out his words, “we might now go on deck.”

Pacing as slowly as when he had been a mourner at Nelson's funeral, he walked out past the sentry and up the ladder; behind him the young men had to curb their impatience. . . .

It was dazzling bright on deck. In the centre of the fairway, at less than a cable's length distance, lay the Estrella, gleaming in her white paint.

As Hornblower's eyes rested over her, her jib extended itself upwards to catch the wind and swing her round. Next moment her mainsail took the wind, and she steadied herself, gathering way; in a few seconds she was moving forward past the Clorinda.

This was the moment. Fell was standing staring at her and muttering to himself; he was blaspheming in his excitement. Estrella dipped her colours; on her deck Hornblower was able to recognize the figure of Gomez, her young captain, standing directing the handling of the schooner.

“She's not making two knots through the water,” said Hornblower.

“Thank God for that,” said Fell.

ESTRELLA glided on towards the entrance, preparatory to making the dog-legged turn out to sea; Gomez was handling her beautifully under her very easy sail.

“Shall I follow her now, My Lord?”

“I think it's time, Sir Thomas.”

“Hands to the capstan, there! Headsail sheets, Mr. Field!”

Even at two knots there would be some strain on that length of spun yarn. It must not part—it must not—before Estrella was well out to sea.

Lusty arms and sturdy backs were heaving Clorinda's cable short.

“Clear away the saluting carronade, there!”

Estrella had made the turn; the last of her mainsail was vanishing round the corner. Fell was giving his orders to get Clorinda under way steadily and clearly, despite his excitement. Hornblower was watching him narrowly; this was not a bad test of how he would behave in action, of how he would take his ship into the smoke and fury of a battle.

“Main tops'l braces!”

Fell was bringing the big frigate round in as neat a fashion as Gomez had handled Estrella. Clorinda steadied herself and gathered way, moving down the channel.

“Man the rail!”

Whatever was going on round the corner, whatever was happening to the Estrella out of sight, the compliments must be paid. Nine-tenths of

Continued on page 27

A new serial of romance and high treason—by

ALISTAIR MACLEAN

SOUTH BY JAVA HEAD is the story of a desperate fight—the fight for survival of a man who holds a secret that could cripple a nation. By the author of “H.M.S. Ulysses,” it . . .

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Glamour goes to your toes

by ALAN LLOYD

Duncan Spruce puts high fashion underfoot, with shoes made out of zebra, chameleon—or old trousers

Travelling by tube to Bethnal Green not long ago, Duncan Spruce became aware that the woman on the other side of the carriage was glowering at him. Blushing, he alighted at his station and caught a bus to the works of P. Lehany, a firm which makes highly fashioned, highly priced shoes for women.

A little later, Spruce, who is the manager, was supervising the recutting of a new pattern to include a slight modification of line inspired by an unusual pair of shoes worn by the woman on the train. He says: "By our standards the model, a high-cut court shoe, did very well. We sold several dozen pairs."

At a time when a press can produce a hundred toe-caps a second, and most shoes are manufactured on the conveyor belt, Spruce, a chunky man of thirty-four whose thoughtful countenance is partly hidden by a wiry moustache, considers that he has a best-seller if he is asked to make a hundred shoes alike.

His staff of thirty craftsmen—their average age is forty-five—hand-fashions the skins of chameleons, sharks, ostriches, antelopes and gazelles, and other costly materials, into shoes which sometimes weigh less than four ounces each and cost up to twenty-six guineas a pair.

From a small, old-fashioned works above a laundry in Hackney, they have found their way to the feet of the wealthy, the celebrated and the regal. They have been worn by the Queen Mother, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Lady Docker, Vera Lynn, Jeanne Heal and Martine Carol among others.

One pair of shoes was made to order from a zebra's head. Spruce sent to China for a mandarin's gown to make into evening shoes. And he cabled an order to America when a search in this country failed to provide a few inches of specially treated kid that he needed to cover a pair of heels. The materials are not always rare. A woman client once wanted a pair of her old riding breeches turned into footwear. They made an elegant pair of shoes.

Spruce, who has trimmed shoes with gold, silver, diamanté and mink, and has even filled transparent heels with floral designs to please his customers, sometimes has to disappoint them. A man on a business trip carried a python skin more than half-way round the world to have it made into a pair of shoes for his wife. Spruce turned down the order. Poor tanning by the

Shoes made of transparent plastic went mushy in hot climates until Spruce discovered a remedy. "Novelty is justified only when it contributes to elegance or efficiency," he says

Spruce's secretary, Jean Pearman, tries on a new pair of hand-made shoes. All new designs are tested by girls who work for the firm

Charles Lawrence, Spruce's pattern cutter, examines a half-yard of lace sent by a client who wanted it made into shoes she had seen in a magazine

natives from whom the skin was bought had rendered it too hard to be worked.

A sportsman who sent in a crocodile skin six feet long received it back by return. Crocodile skin for shoes, which costs 7s. 9d. a square centimetre wholesale, comes from baby crocodiles, and then only the finely patterned belly of the animal is used.

New footwear styles test the mechanical as well as the artistic ingenuity of fashion pioneers like Spruce and his staff. The arrival of the stiletto-type heel raised the problem of finding a material and a method of construction that would give strength in such a slender support. Spruce found that a single-piece wooden heel in the style snapped straight away.

Barbara Goalen, the former model, wired Spruce for a repeat order of an early shoe in the new style when she broke the heel in a grating.

A two-piece laminated wooden heel proved stronger, but did not eliminate another fault of the original—repair tacks tended to split the tip. Spruce obtained his best results from an alloy stem with a wooden base. Soon he was making almost all his shoes with the slender heel.

One West End fashion house, which has its own department for his firm's shoes, acknowledged the trend by installing floor grills with a finer mesh in its ventilation system.

DUNCAN SPRUCE tests new designs on girls in the factory. When he saw a girl wearing the prototype of a high-cut court shoe in black suède with a black silk band and a deep red lining, he decided that the shoe came too far up her foot. Spruce had it remade with a lower cut. Then the girl complained that the silk band caused tightness above her toes. The shoe was made a third time, now on a built-up last which introduced a thirty-second of an inch more material either side.

Finally, Spruce had the red dye toned down so that it could not possibly stain a customer's stockings; then he put the shoe on the market. He was satisfied to sell several dozen pairs.

Novelty materials sometimes bring trouble. A transparent plastic which is used in expensive party shoes split when it was cut by hand. Spruce found that it could be stamped satisfactorily to shape. He then discovered that in hot, moist climates it was liable to go mushy. This trouble was overcome by using a thicker sample of the material. "But it still steams up slightly if the wearer's feet become too warm," he says.

Unlike the ancient Greek shoemaker who fitted a form of music box in the sole of a shoe, or the modern manufacturer who used miniature batteries to power a headlight in each toe of his show piece, Spruce has no time for gimmicks. "Novelty is justified only when it contributes to elegance or efficiency," he says.

Orders reach Spruce from all parts of the world. A woman from Rhodesia recently ordered six pairs of wedge shoes with buckle-up ankle straps—a style which went out years ago.

Due to the small output of any one type of shoe at the works, Spruce's shoemakers sometimes handle several styles in a day. To ensure a perfect finish to the shoes the men change their overalls and wash their hands between spells of handling shoes of different colours.

When a batch of shoes in white satin was left uncovered one night and collected a film of dust, Spruce rejected them at the final checking point. He was disappointed because it upset his delivery date, the sales branch in the West End was annoyed because the shoes had been promised on time, and the shoemakers were put out because it cut their bonus.

The shoes, which were called Happy Sandals, were given to a charitable organization and sold at a jumble sale.

Another shoe was covered in a rainbow-coloured tinsel which had to be kept free from moisture at a certain stage of production. A dozen pairs of the shoes turned black during one damp weekend. They were given away. A method of treating tinsel to overcome the difficulty has now been found.

In normal circumstances women favour black as a shoe colour. "More than sixty-five per cent of all women's shoes sold in this country are black," says Spruce.

Spruce's best-seller was an open-toed shoe with a buckle and bow trimming called Rondo. Nine hundred pairs were sold over several years and the shoe is still popular, although it was superseded as a fashionable model in 1955.

Spruce refuses to forecast the fate of new shoe styles. When a black suède shoe with a trimming of three jet beads failed to attract buyers, he had the beads replaced by two small buttons covered in the same material as the shoe. With the name changed from Loanda to Elaine, the style did good business.

A panelled shoe in crocodile was one of the models most admired in recent years. In fact it was devised to use odds and ends of crocodile skin which were left over after other shoes had been cut.

Many shoes are sent to Spruce for alterations. One woman asked him to cut half an inch off the heels of her shoes. Spruce replied: "There is only one height of heel for any shoe—that for which it has been designed. If you alter it the pitch of the shoe will be thrown out of true." When the woman persisted, Spruce was forced to compromise at a quarter of an inch.

Another woman wanted her open-toed shoes "closed in." Charles Lawrence, Spruce's pattern cutter, designed two patches to cover the holes, and the shoes were sent back. "When I heard about it I raised hell," says Spruce, who thought that the uppers should have been remade. "I imagined the shoes looking like football boots." Shortly afterwards Spruce apologized to Lawrence. "He must have done an inspired job. The woman wrote and asked us to make another pair exactly the same."

One customer returned a pair of shoes which had five small gilt bells on each toe, with the request: "Please remove the jingle from the bells, it gets on my nerves."

The bells were so delicate that it was impossible to remove the clappers without damaging the casings, so a drop of adhesive was squeezed into each bell to prevent the clapper moving.

Spruce, a wartime Spitfire pilot, joined the Lotus shoe company, of which Lehany is a subsidiary, as a trainee when he was demobbed with the rank of warrant officer in 1947. Today he lives with his wife and family at Chislehurst.

While Spruce was shopping with his wife recently, the manager of a shoe shop showed her a shoe which he said had a Louis heel. Spruce listened approvingly as his wife told the man that it was a Cuban heel, and explained why. "Many people think that the difference is one of shape," says Spruce. "It need not be. It is the method in which the heel and the rest of the shoe are combined. With a Louis heel there is no visible joint between the front of the heel and the rest of the shoe. With a Cuban, there is."

Spruce uses both types of heel in delicate designs, but makes nothing of a purely utilitarian nature. Early this year Michaela Denis, the film and TV explorer, asked him to supply shoes for a new safari. He produced an elegant court shoe in crocodile skin, and a backless mule with the slenderest of high heels.

"Women can always find an excuse to buy pretty shoes," says Spruce. "The safari started from a luxury hotel in Nairobi." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Shopping with father

by KEM BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Hughie was certainly in the money. Now all he needed was a respectable family . . . even at the point of a gun

It was the season of the big sales. Although it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening, many of the giant stores along Oxford Street were still open. Money was flowing. Tills maintained an endless tinkling *pizzicato*. Then, in one of the closed shops, a furrier's, a muffled explosion blew a window out and an alarm set up a frenzied clangour. The milling crowds hesitated. Heads jerked round. The police leaped into action.

This was what they were meant to do; this was a false alarm—a diversion. Not far away, quietly and efficiently, five armed men were raiding a post office.

The post office alarm system was working. Bells were clanging in five police stations. But, for a short time, for just long enough, police attention was concentrated on the Oxford Street furrier's. . . .

The car slid in and out of the Baker Street traffic, not going too fast, not attracting attention to itself, but nevertheless covering the ground at twice the pace of its neighbours. In the back three men were exultantly transferring neatly banded packets of notes from the two large red G.P.O. sacks to an assortment of smaller, less suspicious containers.

"Hughie," said one of the men, a small, narrow-faced Maltese, "what are you going to buy Daisy out of your share?"

There was a laugh. Hughie Lynch was not notorious for generosity. And his wife, Daisy, was not notorious for wifely affection. Hughie, a big, plump, moon-faced man, said something viciously blasphemous.

At the Marylebone Road crossing a police car was waiting. The radio was active. One of the officers said: "There goes a black Humber. Better have a look."

The police car surged forward. Glancing through the back window of the Humber, Hughie said: "Bogys, Arthur!" and the driver hunched himself closer to the wheel.

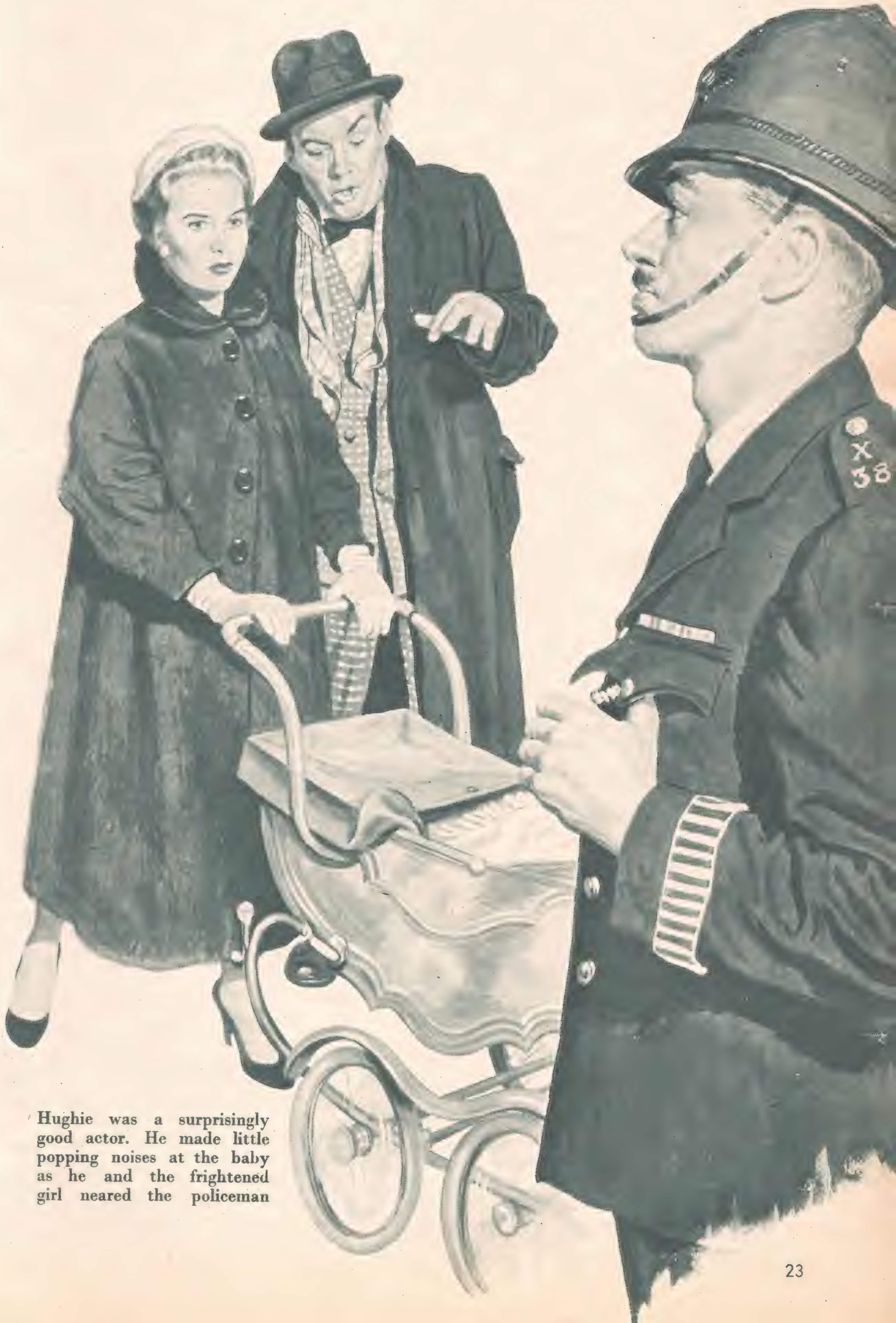
In the back of the Humber the little Maltese was holding a high-powered portable spotlight, designed for rally drivers, which was plugged into terminals on the car's dashboard.

As the police gained between Maida Vale and Harrow Road, the cars swung right and left and then right again into Shirland Road—and at that moment the Humber's driver shouted: "Now!"

The Maltese switched on the spotlight, aiming it through the rear window straight into the eyes of the police driver as he held his car into the bend. It was a viciously powerful light. The driver was dazzled, and the police car hit a traffic island, careered across the road, smashed into a lamp-post and stopped. The Humber throbbed away.

Less than five minutes later, deep in a maze of back streets, the thieves abandoned the Humber. Now the plan was to scatter, each carrying his share of the loot.

Hughie was last out of the car. He had a half



Hughie was a surprisingly good actor. He made little popping noises at the baby as he and the frightened girl neared the policeman sack-full of pound notes to carry as well as his brief-case and attaché case. He was, in a sense, the leader—responsible to the bigger man who had planned the raid. Hughie trotted off, twisting and turning in the narrow streets. At the same time his mind was alert. It came to this—if the police in the crashed car had been knocked out, he was probably right in the clear: if they had been able to use the radio, things could get nasty.

As Hughie approached Kilburn Lane, he saw a police car halt and unload five uniformed men. He knew then that he was in trouble; things *had* got nasty. He turned and faded away, soft-footed, into the small ill-lit streets again.

During the war he had been a deserter from the navy, and after the war for a month or two he had lived in an air-raid shelter built on a bombed site not far from where he was now. This was what he now made for, praying that the shelter still stood.

It did. It was in a long narrow street bounded on both sides by the walls of factories. Hughie reached it through back alleys and back gardens, the secret ways of his kind, and he reached it unobserved. . . .

THE following morning was bright and sunlit with a chill wind. Soon after dawn Hughie awakened in his shelter. He was shivering and miserable. He had not meant to sleep.

He sat down on the half sack-full of pound notes, yearning for a cup of tea. He glanced at his watch. Ten to eight. He told himself that he'd have to move soon. It was lucky the police hadn't been sniffing around already.

He'd have to leave the sack—it was a dead giveaway. Could he just walk out, maybe, when the streets filled up a bit? It all depended. If the police had the area tied up then it would be chancey. It was the only thing to do though—walk out, bright and cheerful like some city worker off to his office.

Slowly, after scratching round in his sharp but shallow mind for alternative plans of action, Hughie settled on his original one, and as soon as his mind was firmly made up, he felt better. He hefted the sack and grunted with approval before starting to stow bundles of pound notes into every available pocket of his overcoat.

When he had finished he was a very bulky person indeed. He brushed down his coat and pulled his Anthony Eden, also filled with pound notes, carefully down on his round, bald head. The sack, still containing notes to the value of more than £200, he kicked into the corner of the shelter with a pleasant feeling of lordly unconcern.

At half past eight Hughie went again to the shelter entrance and glanced cautiously out into the street. About a hundred yards away, coming towards him, was a woman pushing a pram. He swore and pulled his head hastily back.

He waited for the woman to pass by. Then, suddenly, a wonderful idea leaped fully formed into his brain. He smiled to himself. What a wheeze! Brilliant, that's what it was. He quickly retrieved the bundles of notes from the sack. Then he took out his well-worn Belgian automatic.

The woman with the pram was level with the shelter entrance. Hughie noted without emotion that she was a mere girl, dark and pretty and nicely formed. He stepped out of hiding, gun in one hand and sack in the other. He and the woman were alone in the street.

"Don't shout, ducks," Hughie said. "You shout and I'll kill the kid, see."

The girl let out a strangled little wail of fear. "Shut up!" Hughie snapped.

Holding the gun on the girl, he quickly stuffed his two cases and the notes under the perambulator's waterproof cover. Then he took the handle of the perambulator in his left hand and thrust his right, holding the gun, into his coat pocket. He jerked his head at the girl. "We're going shopping, see, ducks? Just a happy little family going shopping. You tag along and keep your mouth shut and it'll be all right. Get moving. . . ."

The police had caught three of Hughie's confederates the night before. Only the little Maltese had evaded them. They had also found the abandoned Humber. They knew from the accounts of the post office employees that there had been five raiders. They had had garbled descriptions to work from, but that was all. So they had cordoned off the area in which they had found the Humber and made their three captures.

At the junction of Kilburn Lane and Chamberlayne Road, not more than a quarter of a mile from Hughie's air-raid shelter, five uniformed men were checking cars, buses and pedestrians.

Sammy Hereson was a good policeman, but not a very intelligent one. He was a Rugby player, and his big body was capable of answering almost any demand upon it. He was also a naturally good-humoured and phlegmatic individual, not liable to lose his head.

But his imagination was a blunt instrument and this job—scanning a hundred faces in as many seconds and making an instantaneous judgment on each—demanded more from his wit and intuition than he had to offer. So he was restive and uncomfortable, half convinced every few minutes either that he had seen the men or that he had missed them.

At a quarter to nine, Hughie and the girl approached the Chamberlayne Road crossing. Already, from a hundred yards away, Hughie had spotted the police activity at the crossroads. Inside he was a turmoil of alternating fear and confidence.

Externally, because he was a surprisingly good actor for a man of his type, he seemed cheerful and doting. From time to time, as he walked, he made faces and popping noises at the little nine-month-old boy in the pram. Beside him the pretty girl, her face set, walked automatically, giving no trouble, saying nothing, seemingly paralysed by the threat to her child.

Sammy Hereson saw Hughie when he was five yards away. The policeman's big face changed. He scowled. He came out of his doorway. "Here," he said. "Here, you! You with the homburg hat, there. . . ."

Hughie ran for it. But he had only covered thirty yards when Sammy Hereson brought him crashing to the pavement with a Rugby tackle that would have brought the fans of that subtly violent game cheering to their feet.

And that, as far as Hughie was concerned, was that. He was left with two broken ribs and the prospect of a cheerless future. . . .

JUST before midday, smiling at the memory of kind words from his superintendent, Sammy Hereson entered the canteen attached to his station. He bought himself a cup of strong, dark tea and took it across to where Reggie Baxter, one of his special mates, was sitting.

Reggie grinned at him. "Attaboy, Sammy," he said. "Done yourself a bit of good this morning, eh? Super give you a kiss behind the ear?"

Sammy Hereson grinned back. "He didn't go as far as that," he said, "but all the same I can't grumble."

Reggie Baxter nodded. "Good-oh." There was a pause. Then he said: "How did you recognize Lynch? I'm sure I wouldn't have done; he's got a lot fatter since his last picture was taken."

Sammy Hereson sipped his tea. "Well . . ." he said hesitantly. Then suddenly he grinned and leaned forward, speaking in a confidential whisper. "What would you have done, Reggie," he said, "if you'd seen a big flashy-looking chap walking down Kilburn Lane with *your* wife, pushing *your* kid in *your* new pram, and behaving as if he owned the lot of 'em?"

THE END

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Richard Hearne

SOME years ago, my wife and I invited an old friend of the family to dinner at our home in the country. Our guest was reputed to be a testy old man who disliked noise and bustle. We wanted his advice on a rather important matter, and made every effort to see that he would have a pleasant, relaxed evening.

He arrived early. It was a cold winter evening and I stacked the fire high with logs. My wife had ensured that the dinner was served with the minimum of fuss and we had an excellent meal of smoked salmon, veal cutlets stuffed with sweetbreads, with fruit and coffee to follow. I was about to put my problem to him when there was a knock on the door. The maid burst in to tell us that our chimney was on fire.

I rushed outside and saw enormous flames leaping from our chimney stack. Hurriedly, I telephoned the fire brigade and then went back to the dining room to apologize to our guest. But the old man was already standing in the garden and no amount of persuasion could make him move back into the warm.

Indeed, when the first of three fire-engines arrived he began issuing a stream of conflicting orders, and tried hard to take over as fire chief.

When the firemen were at last satisfied that it was safe to go and tramped out, leaving the house in a chaotic state, our guest came up to me, slapped me on the back and told me that it was the most enjoyable evening he had had for a long time.

How to cook stuffed veal escalopes

Ingredients: Two thin escalopes of veal, ¼ lb. of minced veal, 1 calf's sweetbread, a little chopped parsley, 1 egg, seasoning, one garlic clove, butter for frying.

Make a forcemeat with the minced veal, sweetbread, crushed garlic, seasoning, parsley and the beaten egg.

Cut the escalopes down the middle and wrap each strip round the forcemeat. Secure with two sticks and sauté in butter for twenty minutes over a low light.

For the sauce: 2 peeled tomatoes, 1 small onion, 3 large mushrooms, ½ cup stock or water, pinch of rosemary, one bay leaf.

Chop and fry the onion with bay leaf and rosemary until it turns soft.

Add chopped tomatoes and sliced mushrooms. Cook for a minute. Add stock or water and simmer gently for fifteen minutes.

Follow your star

Continued from page 15

Macnamara. There was a letter that had to be delivered by hand. The office boy was ill, so Percy took it himself.

Young Macnamara was unlike anybody Percy had ever met in business before. For one thing, he didn't seem to take business very seriously.

He received Percy with a friendliness that found no expression in the *Dear Sir* and *Yours faithfully* of his letters.

"I've brought those import figures you asked for," Percy began.

Young Macnamara was sitting on an open rolltop desk with his feet in a swivel chair, playing with paper-clips, which he was making into a long chain. He grinned and shook hands. "My dear chap, most kind of you. You really shouldn't have bothered. Still, it's nice to meet you. Come round the corner and have a drink."

This was a highly important development. The stars took note of it: *Great personal advantage may result from a business contact. Relax in routine matters: devote more time to your social affairs. . . .*

In the following weeks *Dear Sir* became *Dear Bland* and *Dear Macnamara*, and *Yours faithfully* eased, through *Yours sincerely*, into *Yours*. By now, Percy and young Macnamara were lunching together occasionally and one day, not quite unexpectedly, young Macnamara offered Percy a new job. He named a salary twenty-five per cent higher than Percy was getting.

Percy asked for time to think it over, which meant he must consult the stars. They counselled caution. *You seem to be at a crossroads,* they said. *Do not set foot upon an unknown road until you have reason to believe there is a City of Gold at the end of it.*

So Percy delayed, until, the following week, young Macnamara offered him fifty per cent on his old salary.

His progress at Grant and Macnamara's was so rapid that Percy's trust in the stars wavered a little: he sometimes thought them too timid, too cautious. But they were right: the 1929 slump might have caught him napping if his horoscope had not warned him in no uncertain terms: *Others panic, but you do not. Consolidate your resources. Private life now becomes all-important. Concentrate on emotional matters concerning somebody near to you. . . .*

In fact, there were two emotional matters near to Percy: a rather expensive young lady of his own age called Dawn Frobisher, and a younger, less demanding girl named Margaret Macnamara. She was young Macnamara's first cousin.

The stars were very definite, not to say blunt, about Dawn Frobisher. *The painted surface of things and people are not for one of your nobility,* they chided. *Seek out, and hold fast, those whose admiration for you is unspoken.*

Four months later he married Margaret Macnamara.

About a year after this, Grant and Macnamara took over a chain of cafés known as O.K. Teashops, and Percy, at the early age of twenty-nine, was put on the O.K. board as catering director. With the death of two other directors, and the retirement of three more, Percy found himself, by the summer of 1935, managing director—and also on the board of Grant and Macnamara.

Percy and Margaret celebrated this last appointment with a holiday in Cornwall. They had been to Cornwall every summer since their marriage, except one, when they went to Scotland; and although Margaret was always trying to persuade him to go abroad, she never had any measure of success until 1939.

It really looked then as if the growing legend of True-Blue Bland, the tycoon who had never been out of Britain, might be spoiled. They had planned a motor tour of France and Italy in the late autumn; but Percy knew that it would never happen. The stars told him it wouldn't. . . .

The war. . . . After two years in charge of a unit whose sole job was to look after four seldom-used searchlights in the middle of Yorkshire, Percy was summoned to the War Office and made catering adviser with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. And when peace came again, his empire grew, it seemed, without effort on his part.

In 1950 he accepted, with genuine bewilderment, a knighthood. . . .

Now here he was, one of Britain's few postwar millionaires, furtively locking his private safe and slipping into his pocket—a half-crown horoscope. Of course, he had graduated far beyond Brighton Pier and Madame Arcati: he had his annual horoscope worked out by a Hungarian astrologer who took a week to do it—at a price.

Now the American trip was only four days away. To his annoyance, Sir Perceval had to have his passport photograph taken, to fill in forms, to be vaccinated. At last all the documents were gathered together.

He thumbed impatiently through the bundle of papers, studied his passport in wonder (it was his first) for a few moments; and then frowned.

"Here, they've got my birthday wrong."

Hickson, all horn-rimmed anxiety, peered over his shoulder. "August the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and three," he read. "Isn't that right, sir?"

"It should be *July* the twenty-sixth."

"But it says August the twenty-sixth on your birth certificate, sir."

"My birth certificate? Never seen it in my life, Hickson. Don't want to, either. I don't need a birth certificate to tell me when I was born. My Great Aunt Florence always told me it was July the twenty-sixth, and she ought to have known."

Hickson was agitated. "I have two copies of your birth certificate here, sir—I got them from Somerset House. It was a necessary formality in order to get the passport." He laid two flimsy slips of paper on Sir Perceval's desk. "It says that you were born on August the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and three, at an address in Bruddersthorpe, Yorkshire."

Sir Perceval seemed to crumple over his blotting pad. "I—I don't believe it," he muttered. "I just don't believe it. And yet. . . ." He held his head in his hands.

Hickson hovered fretfully around his master. "Are you all right, sir? Shall I get you something?"

"No." Sir Perceval sat up slowly and took a deep breath. He seemed suddenly to have aged. "It's a bit of a shock . . . to discover that you're a month younger than you thought."

"I suppose so, sir."

"For over fifty years I've been celebrating my birthday on July the twenty-sixth. It's a very odd feeling, Hickson. As if I were not me at all."

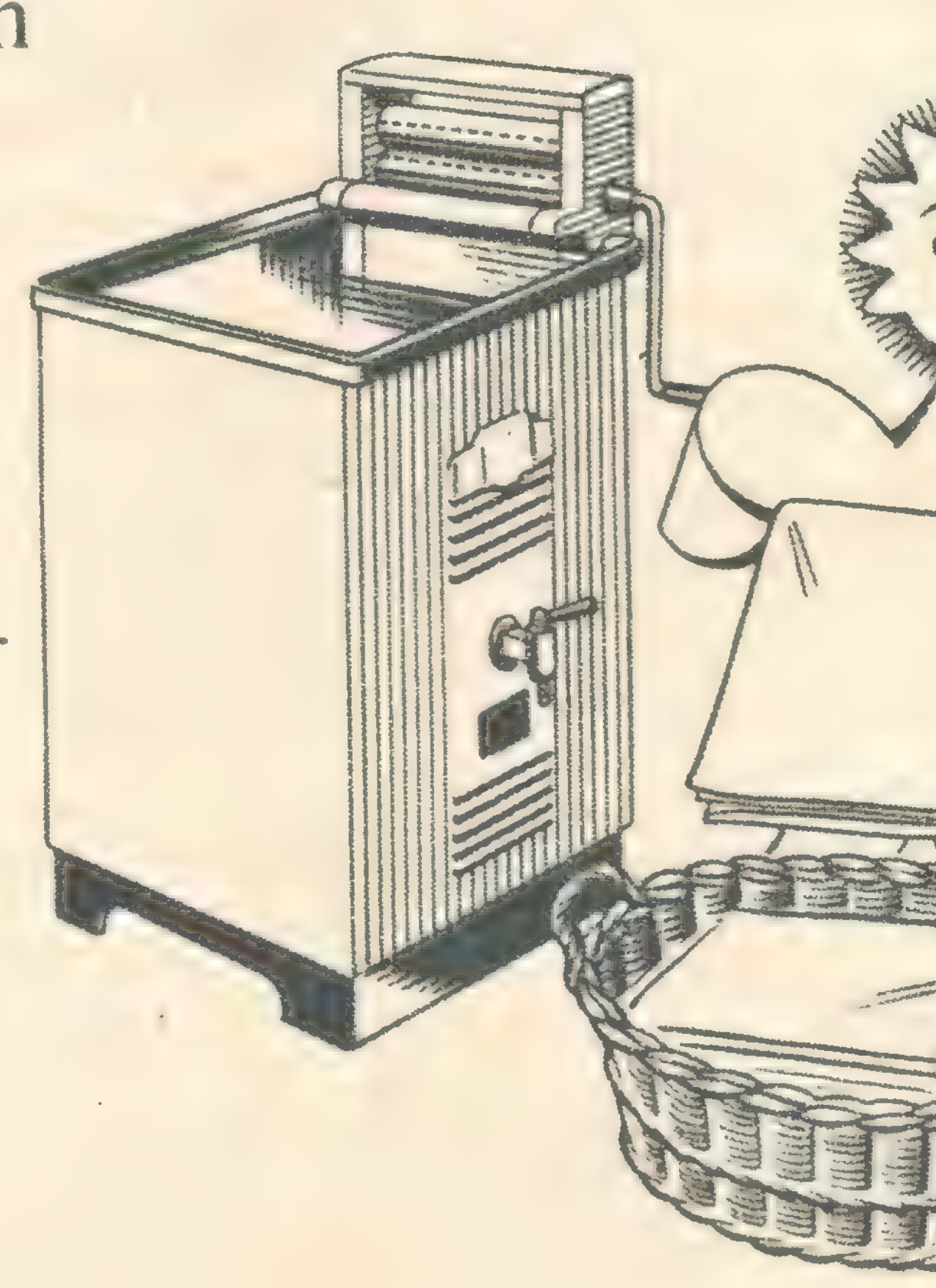
Suddenly he braced himself and for a minute or two became the True-Blue Bland the City knew. "Send a telegram to Bruddersthorpe—registrar of births, parish priest, town clerk, anybody you like, Hickson. I want to know who's right—Great Aunt Florence or those damned civil servants at Somerset House. And I want to know *tomorrow*. . . ."

Sir Perceval drove home to Hampshire rather faster than he had ever driven before. Behind the wheel of his sleek Daimler he felt lonely, small and, for the first time since his schooldays, frightened.

August 26. So he was a Virgo after all, not a Leo. He knew well enough

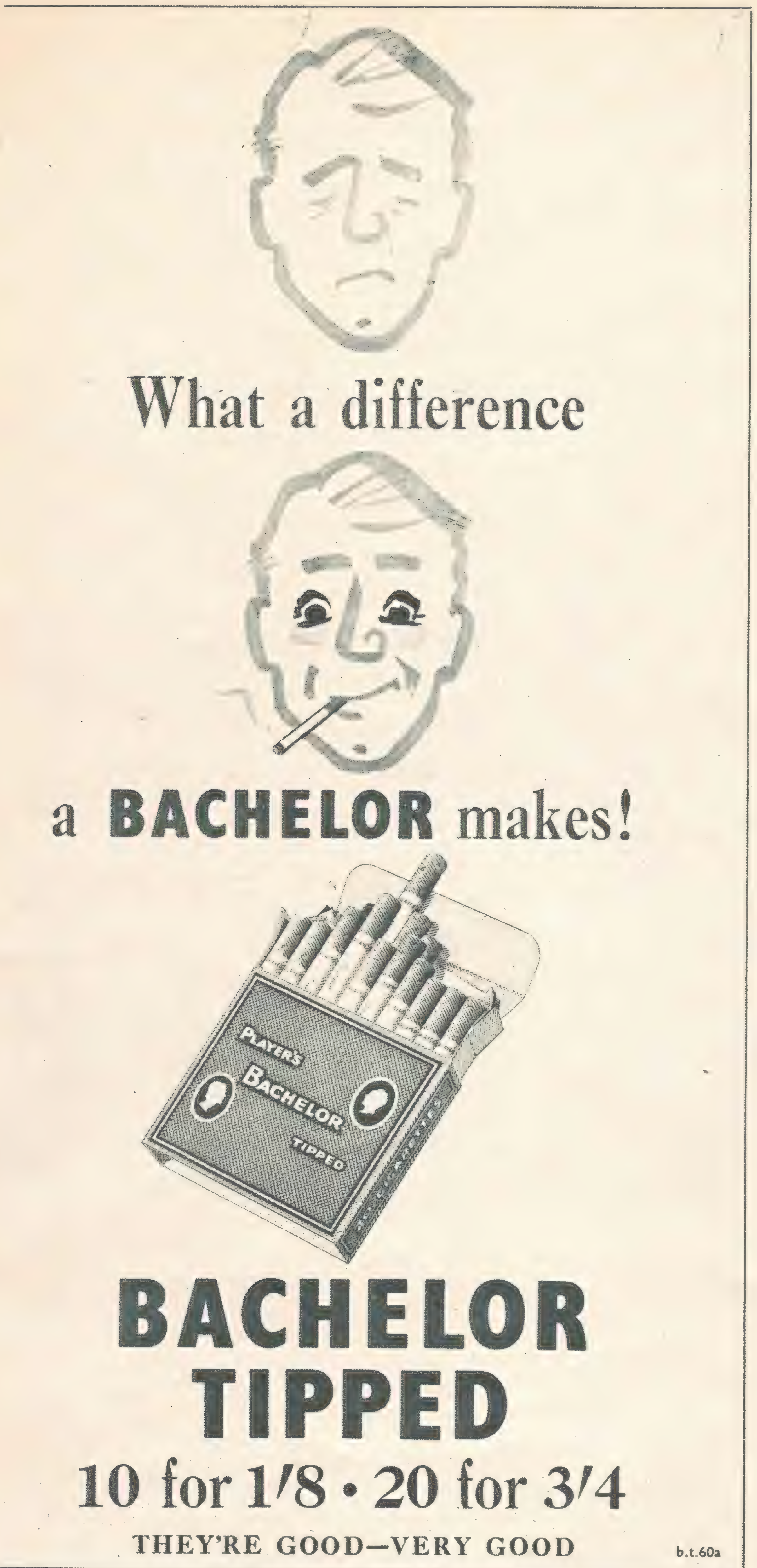
Wash day is child's play!

It's goodbye to those wash day blues when you wash with one of Mr. Therm's NEW WASHING MACHINES! No hot water worries—Mr. Therm sees to that! The water is heated by Gas when it's actually in the machine. You can have it boiling if you like! Then it's power agitated—and the washing's over in next to no time. Quick, economical, efficient—thanks to Mr. Therm. See the latest Gas-heated washing machines at your Gas Showrooms—they're all on the easiest possible terms.



Mr THERM *burns* to serve you

Issued by the Gas Council



"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

RESULT OF DECEMBER 21 CONTEST

READER WINS £250 OUTRIGHT

In the opinion of the adjudicators, the most skilful and appropriate fitting of Advertisements to Phrases was that submitted by:—

MR. W. HUDSON, 27 WITHENS ROAD, BIRSTALL, Nr. LEEDS, YORKS.

A cheque for £250 has accordingly been awarded for his entry as below:—

Phrases	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
Adverts	10	5	3	23	12	9	16	7

Result of the **second** £250 "Fitting Phrases" Contest which appeared in "JOHN BULL" dated January 11 will appear in an early March issue.

what the character readings of Virgoans were (Margaret was one): *You have a mathematical mind, often too preoccupied with minor detail to achieve your ambitions. Your plans are sometimes spoiled by hesitancy and self-analysis. Virgoans are well advised to stick to routine occupations where they cannot be betrayed by their lack of self-confidence. . . .*

After dinner he and his wife took their coffee and brandy out on to the terrace behind the Queen Anne house and watched the sun going down. This was his home; and not a brick of it would have been his if. . . .

"Tell me," Margaret's voice came softly. He had never been able to keep anything from her for long. "You're worrying about something. Is it this American trip? Oh, darling, I wish I were coming with you. . . ."

"No. Not exactly. . . ." He sighed heavily. "Look, darling, I've got a sort of confession to make. . . ."

He told her what he had never told a living soul before: about Brighton Pier, about Madame Arcati, about consulting his horoscope before making every major move of his life. And the final let-down this afternoon; the shattering discovery that he was never meant to be a leader of men after all. . . .

"Well, what do you think of me?" he finished wretchedly.

Margaret was shaking her head and laughing. "I knew about the horoscope and things," she said.

"You *knew*?"

"Yes. You used to leave things about rather carelessly when we were first married, you know. Oh, I didn't read them, but I learned to recognize the letters from Camberwell marked 'Private and Confidential.' Once I was satisfied that they didn't come from another woman—and I certainly wasn't jealous of Madame Arcati—I saw no harm in it. And I still don't."

"But, Margaret—don't you see?—my whole life has been a fraud. I'm not really me at all. I've based my whole career on—on a mistake."

"It's been a very lucky mistake for us, dear," she said practically. She gripped his arm and looked into his distraught face. "Listen, Percy. Get this straight. Everything you've done in your life you've done by yourself. That silly machine on Brighton Pier gave you a boost when you needed it. You simply used this horoscope business to back up what you'd more or less decided to do anyway. Thousands of people do. *I* do."

He stared. "*You* do?"

"Well, I look at *You And The Stars* every day in the paper, just as I look at the weather forecast. One's as likely to come true as the other. I get a lot of fun out of it."

A telephone rang in the depths of the house. The butler appeared: "It's Mr. Hickson, sir." Sir Perceval went in to take the call.

When he returned, his face had cleared and he was almost jaunty. "Hickson's been in touch with the registrar at Bruddersthorpe," he said. "There's no doubt about it—it *is* August. You know, I'm beginning to *enjoy* my new personality — shy, retiring, pottering about with my mathematical mind full of unimportant details. . . . What shall I do, dear? Sack myself and take a job in the accounts department?"

He chuckled and poured out more brandy. But suddenly his face clouded again. "I wonder if it's all right—about New York and Washington?"

"Of course it is, dear. You're going to be a great success over there, just as you always are at home."

"I don't mean that. I mean the flight. You know how I hate flying, Meg. I can just about stand an hour and a half in a Viscount, going up to Glasgow or Belfast for meetings, but *twelve* hours. . . . Imagine it, Meg—half the brains of British industry cooped up in one plane. Good heavens, if it were to crash——"

"I won't let you even think of it, Percy Bland." She was angry now. "It's not like you to talk like that. You're going straight to bed with a glass of milk and an aspirin. . . ."

THE sight of the aircraft in the gathering dusk was immensely reassuring; it was so huge and graceful. Sir Perceval dealt quickly with the press. True-Blue Bland's first trip abroad was obviously going to hog tomorrow's front pages. He greeted the men he knew; automobile magnates, builders of nuclear reactors, heads of vast chemical combines and aircraft factories, tycoons of plastics and wool and cotton, men of steel and coal. He drew strength from them.

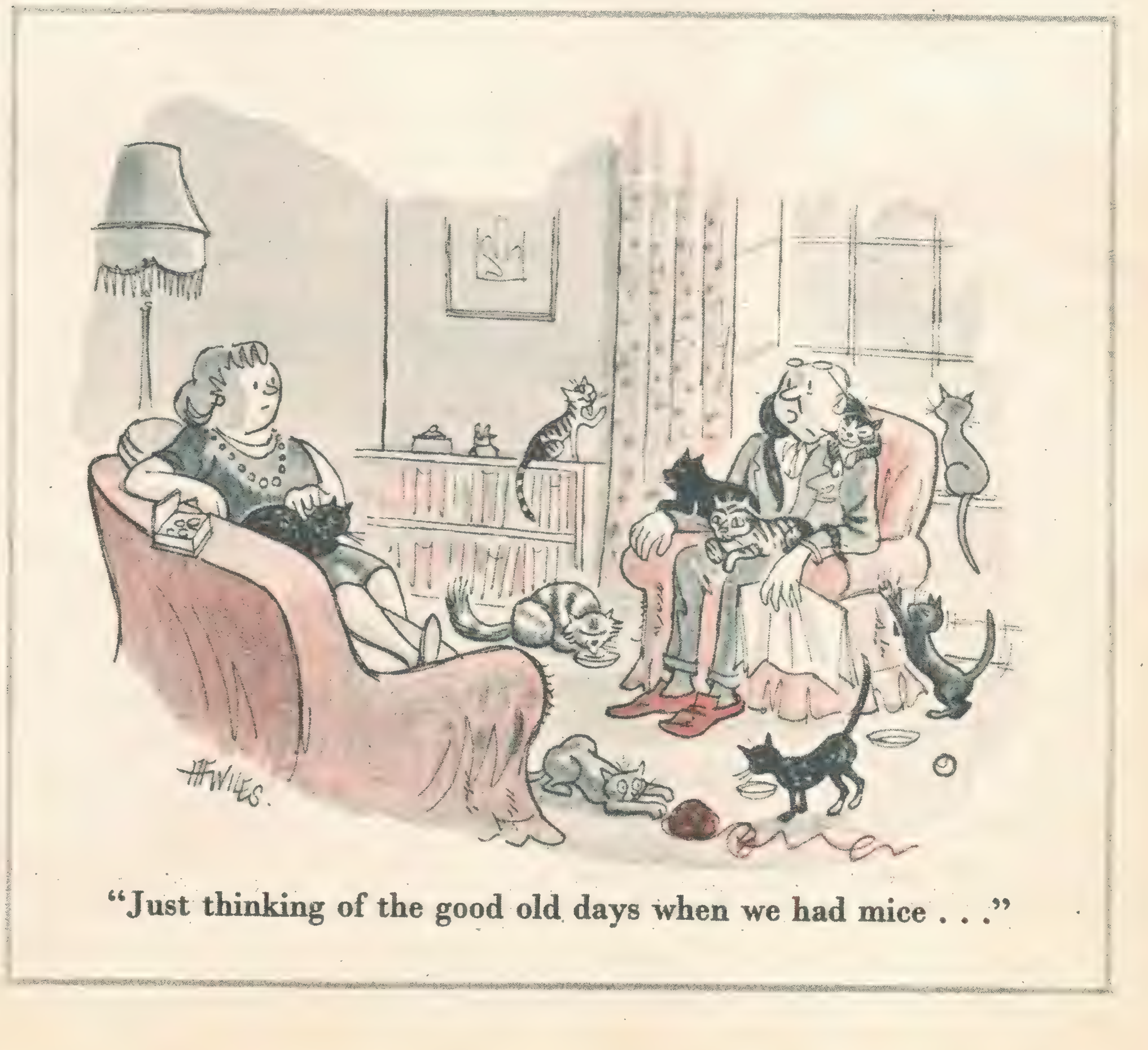
As they all shuffled out of the V.I.P.'s lounge towards the boarding point, he was joined by a panting Hickson who thrust an envelope into his hand. "From Lady Bland, sir. Your chauffeur tried to bring it to you before, but the whole place is stiff with detectives. . . ."

Sir Perceval did not open it until they were taxi-ing up to the runway. He read it now, sucking his barley-sugar, to occupy his mind during take-off.

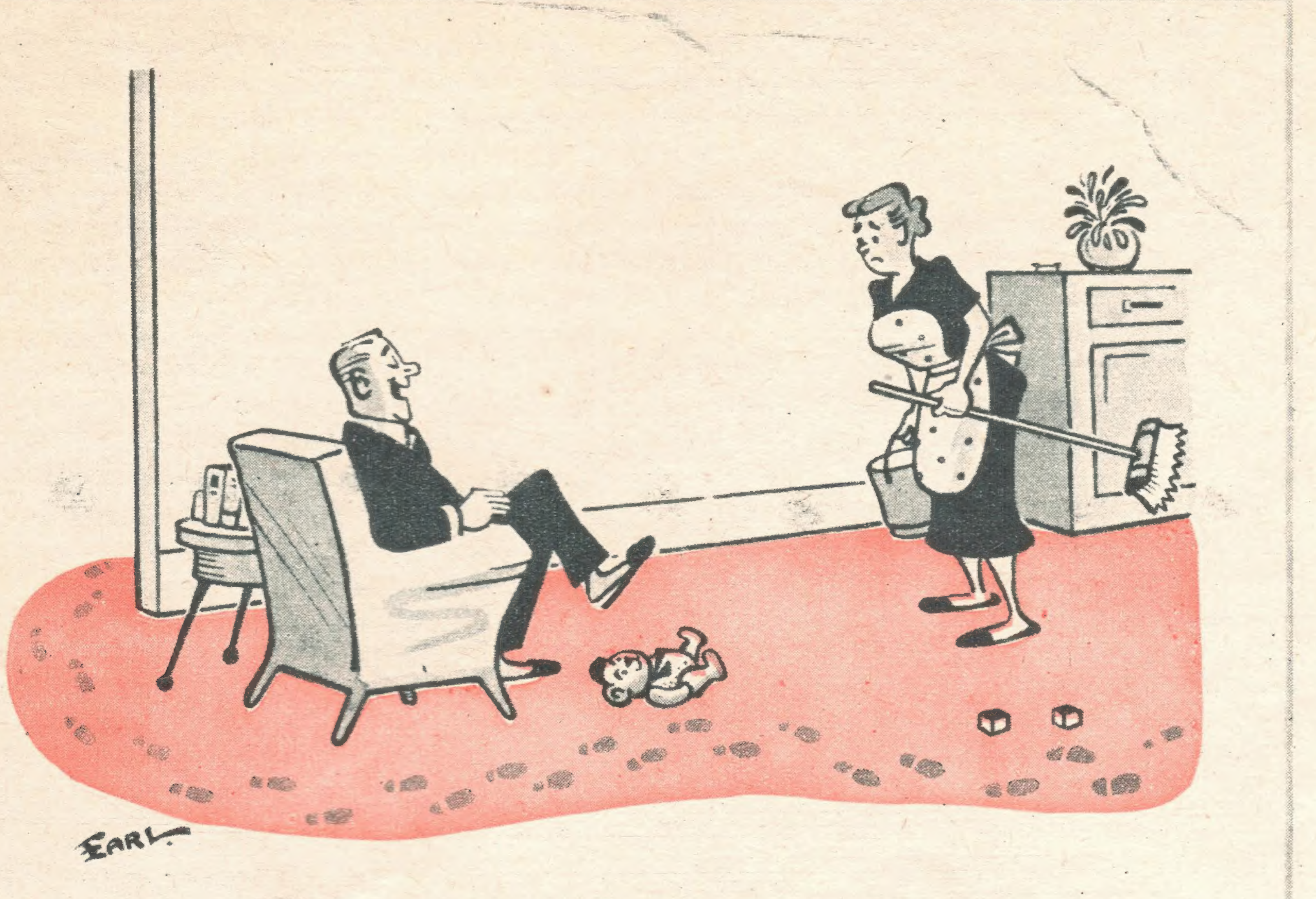
VIRGO (August 22-September 22), he read. The usual character reading and advice on personal expenditure followed. Then: *Foreign travel is strongly indicated during June, with favourable trends in business. Best days for travel—8th, 14th, 19th, 24th. . . .*

Airborne, permitted to unfasten his seat-belt and smoke, True-Blue Bland soared, at seven miles a minute, into his new destiny.

THE END



"Just thinking of the good old days when we had mice . . ."



"Remember how excited you were when he took his first step?"

Hornblower and the Spanish slaver

Continued from page 20

Clorinda's crew on deck could be spared for the purpose; with the ship creeping forward before the land breezes, the other one-tenth sufficed to keep her under control.

Hornblower drew himself up and faced the Spanish flag flying over Morro Castle, his hand to his hat brim, Fell beside him, the other officers in rank behind, while the salute banged out and was returned. The flags dipped respectfully.

"Carry on!"

They were approaching the turn. It was possible that at any moment one of those grinning cannons up there would pitch a warning shot at them—a shot warning them that a hundred other guns were ready to pound them into a wreck; that would be if the drogue had begun to take obvious effect on the Estrella.

"Main tops'l braces!" came Fell's order again.

Already the big Atlantic rollers were making their effect felt; Hornblower could feel Clorinda's bows lift momentarily to a dying surge.

"Hard a-starboard!" The Clorinda turned steadily. "Meet her! Steady as you go."

She had hardly settled on her new course when Estrella came in sight again a mile farther out to sea.

The beautiful slaver was still under easy canvas, thank God, steadying herself for the final turn from the channel out into the ocean.

Clorinda's main topsail shivered briefly as the Morro height intercepted the land breeze, but drew again instantly. Estrella was turning again now. She was hardly within cannon shot of the Morro.

"Port!" came Fell's further order. "Steady!"

The land breeze was right aft now, but dying away, partly with their increased distance from land and partly with the growing heat of the sun.

"Set the mains'l."

Fell was quite right; there was need to hasten, lest the ship be delayed in the belt of doldrums between the land breeze and the trade wind.

The enormous sail area of the main course carried Clorinda forward boldly, and once more the sound of the ship's way through the water became audible. Estrella was clear of the channel now; Hornblower, watching anxiously, saw her set foresail and staysails and jibs, all her fore-and-aft canvas in fact. She was holding her course northward, close hauled, directly away from the land; she must have caught the trade wind and was making northing, very sensibly, because she would have to weather Haiti before next morning on her course to the Old Bahama Channel and Havana.

They were far enough from Morro Castle now, and from Estrella, to incur no suspicion by staring through telescopes at her. Hornblower looked long and carefully. He could detect nothing unusual about her appearance. It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Gomez had detected the drogue under his stern and had removed it. He might even now be exploding with laughter, along with his officers, looking back at the British frigate hopefully following them.

"Port!" came Fell's order again, and Clorinda took the final turn.

"Leading marks in line, sir!" reported the master, looking aft at the land with his telescope to his eye.

"Very well. Steady as you go."

Now the waves they were encountering were true Atlantic rollers, heaving up Clorinda's starboard bow and passing aft to heave up the port quarter. Estrella, right ahead, was still close hauled on a northerly course under fore-and-aft canvas.

"She'll be making six knots," estimated Gerard, standing with Spendlove a yard from Hornblower.

"That spun yarn should hold at six knots," said Spendlove, meditatively.

"No bottom with this line!" reported the leadsman in the chains.

"All hands make sail!"

The order was being piped throughout the ship. Topgallants and royals were being prepared; it was not long before Clorinda had every stitch of canvas set.

Yet the land breeze was dying fast. Clorinda was hardly making steerage way. Once, twice, the sails flapped like thunder. But she still held her course, creeping forward over the blue and white sea, with the sun blazing down upon her from a blue sky with hardly a fleck of cloud.

"Can't keep her on course, sir," reported the quartermaster. Clorinda was yawing sluggishly as the rollers came at her. Far ahead, the Estrella was almost hull down.

Now came a breath of a different air, the tiniest breath; Hornblower felt it, nearly imperceptible, on his sweating face long before Clorinda made response.

It was a different air indeed, not the heated air of the land breeze, but the fresher air of the trade wind, clean with its passage over three thousand miles of ocean.

The sails flapped and shivered; Clorinda swung more meaningly.

"Here it comes!" exclaimed Fell. "Full and by!"

A stronger puff came, so that the rudder could bite. A lull, another puff; another lull, another puff; yet each puff was stronger yet.

The next puff did not die away. It endured, heeling Clorinda over. A roller burst against her starboard bow in a dazzling rainbow.

Now they had caught the trade wind; now they could thrust their way northwards close hauled in the trail of the Estrella. With the clean, fresh winds blowing, and the sensation of successful striving with it, a new animation came

By Appointment
to Their Majesties King Frederik IX, Queen Elizabeth II, King Gustaf VI Adolf and the Queen of the Netherlands
Purveyor of Cherry Heering.
ESTABLISHED 1818
Gold & 1st Class Medals
CHERRY HEERING
PRODUCE OF DENMARK
PETER F. HEERING COPENHAGEN
KIRSEBÆR LIQUEUR
BEDSTE SORT
KJØBENHAVN

By Appointment
to H.M.
Queen Elizabeth II
Purveyor of
Cherry Heering
Peter F. Heering

VERRY CHEERING
CHERRY HEERING

R The second *R* is a gentle but firm *R*eminder to keep a bottle of Cherry Heering by you at all times. There are many ways of enjoying this popular liqueur: in a long, cool drink, as a base for cocktails or, of course, on its own. *Also available in flasks.*

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1818

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CHERRY BRANDY

the brush that's used by the Harristocracy

Next time you paint *your* baronial hall,
kitchen or what-have-you—
insist on a Harris paint brush.
The Harris *Junior* is good (1″ at 2/6 to 4″ at 12/6).
The *Standard* is better (½″ at 2/- to 4″ at 19/6).
The very Harristocratic *Super* is best of all!

the bristles won't come out

Harris the paint brush with a name to its handle

L. G. HARRIS & CO. LTD., STOKE PRIOR, WORCESTERSHIRE

CRC 59

A SELECTION FROM THE WONDERFUL RANGE OF STYLES AND COLOURS

REVEILLE 21/6. Fully luminous 24/6

NEW DAWN 26/6. Fully luminous 31/6

REPETO Luminous Repeater Alarm 35/11

SMITHS Automatic Resetting ALARMS the reliable alarms

Smiths — the alarms which automatically reset themselves — have no equal for utmost-for-money value. Every model is (1) Quality built for durability (2) Tested at every stage of production (3) Fully guaranteed for one year. Smiths Alarms, as used by the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, are sold by Jewellers everywhere from 21/6.

SMITHS ALARMS RULE THE ROOST

SMITHS CLOCKS & WATCHES LTD.
SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2
A Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

over the ship. There were smiles to be seen.

"She hasn't set her tops'ls yet, My Lord," said Gerard, his telescope still to his eye.

"I doubt if she will while she makes her nothing," replied Hornblower.

"On a wind she can weather and headreach on us," said Spendlove. "Just as she did yesterday."

Yesterday. Was it only yesterday? It could have been a month ago, so much had happened since yesterday's chase.

"Do you think that drogue ought to be having any effect?" asked Fell, approaching them.

"None, sir, practically speaking," answered Spendlove. "Not while that spun yarn keeps it tail forward."

Fell had one huge hand clasped in the other, grinding his knuckles into his palm.

"For me," said Hornblower, and every eye turned to him, "I am going to say farewell to gold lace. A cooler coat and a looser neckcloth." Let Fell display worry and nervousness; he himself was going below as if he had no interest whatever in the outcome of the affair.

Down in the hot cabin it was a relief to throw off his full dress uniform—ten pounds of broadcloth and gold—and to have Giles get out a clean shirt and white duck trousers.

"I'll take my bath," said Hornblower, meditatively. He knew perfectly well that Fell thought it undignified and dangerous to discipline that an admiral should disport himself under the washdeck pump, hosed down by grinning seamen, and Hornblower neither agreed nor cared. No miserable sponging down was going to take the place of his bath.

The seamen pumped vigorously, and Hornblower pranced with middle-aged abandon under the stinging impact of the water.

Now the clean shirt and trousers were doubly delightful; he felt a new man as he came on deck again, and his unconcern was not all pretence when Fell nervously approached him.

"She's running clean away from us again, My Lord," he said.

"We know she can, Sir Thomas. We can only wait until she puts her helm up and sets her tops'ls."

SONGS AND SINGING—1

> If you sing before breakfast
> you will cry before night.
>
> Proverb

"As long as we can keep her in sight, My Lord," said Fell.

Clorinda was lying right over, fighting her way to the northward.

"I can see that we're doing all we can, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower, soothingly.

The morning was wearing on. "Up spirits!" was piped, and Fell agreed with the sailing master that it was noon, and the hands were sent to dinner.

Now it was only when Clorinda lifted to a wave that a telescope, trained over the starboard bow from the quarterdeck, could detect the gleam of Estrella's sails over the horizon.

She still had no topsails set; Gomez was acting on the knowledge that, close hauled, his schooner behaved better without her square sails—unless he was playing with his pursuers. . . .

The hills of Puerto Rico had sunk out of sight below the horizon far, far astern. And the roast beef at dinner, roast fresh beef, had been most disappointing; tough and stringy and without any taste whatever.

"Stuart said he'd send me the best sirloin the island could produce, My Lord," said Gerard, in answer to Hornblower's expostulations.

"I wish I had him here," said Hornblower. "I'd make him eat it, every bit, without salt. Sir Thomas, please accept my apologies."

"Er—yes, My Lord," said Fell, who had been invited to his admiral's table and who had been recalled from his own private thoughts by Hornblower's apologies. "That drogue. . . ."

Having said those words—that special word, rather—he was unable to say more. He looked across the table at Hornblower. His lantern-jawed face—the brick-red cheeks always looked odd in that conformation—showed his anxiety, which was accentuated by the look in his eyes.

"If we don't know all about it today," said Hornblower, "we'll hear all about it at some later date."

It was the truth, even though it was not the kindest thing to say.

"We'll be the laughing stock of the Island," said Fell.

Nobody in the world could look more miserable than Fell did at that moment. Hornblower himself was inclined to give up hope, but the sight of that despair roused his contrary nature.

"There's all the difference in the world between six knots, which she's making now close hauled, and twelve knots, which she'll make when she puts up her helm," he said. "Mr. Spendlove here will tell you that the water resistance is a function of the square of the speed. Isn't that so, Mr. Spendlove?"

"Perhaps a function of the cube or even one of the higher powers, My Lord."

"So we can still hope, Sir Thomas. That spun yarn will have eight times the pull upon it when she alters course."

"It'll be chafing now, as well, My Lord," added Spendlove.

"If they didn't see the thing last night and cast it off," said Fell, still gloomy.

When they reached the deck again, the sun was inclining towards the west.

"Masthead, there!" hailed Fell. "Is the chase still in sight?"

"Yes, sir. Hull down from here, sir, but plain in sight. Two points or thereabout on the weather bow."

"She's made all the northing she needs," grumbled Fell. "Why doesn't she alter course?"

There was nothing to do except wait; to try to extract some pleasure from the clean wind and the blue and white sea but the pleasure was only faint now, and the sea did not seem so blue. There was nothing to do except wait, with the minutes dragging like hours.

Then it happened.

"Deck, there! Chase is altering course to port. She's running right before the wind."

"Very well." Fell looked round at the faces of the crowd on the quarterdeck.

His own was as tense as anybody else's. "Mr. Sefton, alter course four points to port."

Fell was going to play the game out to the bitter end, even though yesterday's experience, closely paralleled to the present, had shown that Clorinda stood no chance, in normal circumstances, of intercepting.

"Deck, there! She's settin' her tops'ls. T'garns'ls, too, sir!"

"Very well."

"We'll soon know now," said Spendlove. "With the drogue in action she *must* loose speed. She *must*."

"Deck, there! Cap'n, sir!" The lookout's voice had risen to a scream of excitement. "She's flown up into the wind! She's all aback! Fore topmast's gone, sir!"

"So have her rudder pintles," said Hornblower grimly.

Fell was leaping on the deck, actually dancing with joy, his face radiant. But he recollected himself with all speed.

"Come two points to starboard," he ordered. "Mr. James, get aloft with you and tell me how she bears."

"She's taking in her mains'l," shouted the lookout.

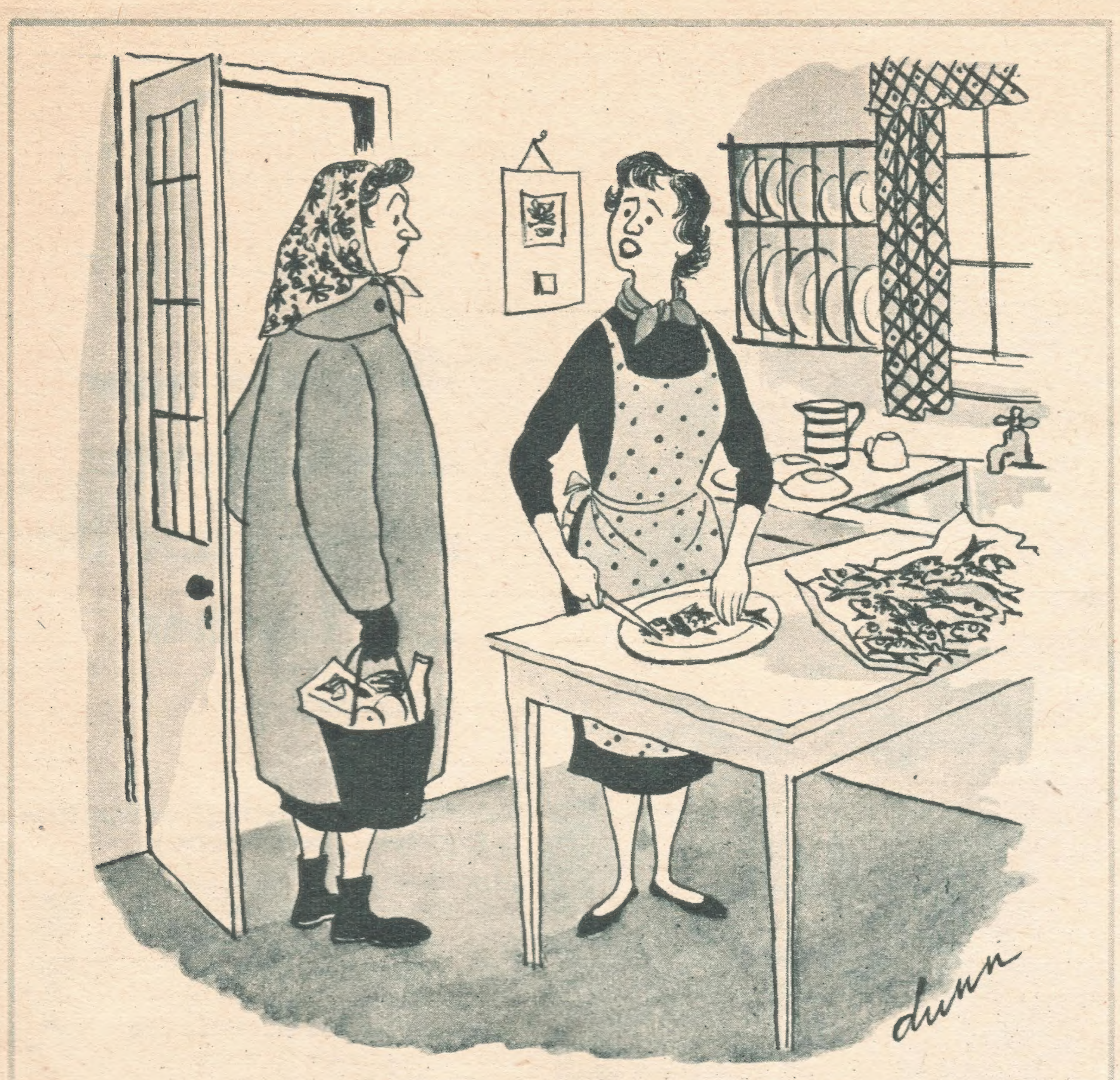
"Trying to get before the wind again," commented Gerard.

"Cap'n, sir!" This was James's voice from the masthead. "You're heading a point to loo'ard of her."

"Very well."

"She's coming before the wind—no she's all aback again, sir!"

The Thing still had her by the tail, then; her struggles would be as weak and



"I wouldn't mind him going fishing
—if only he didn't catch fish . . ."

unavailing as those of a deer in the claws of a lion.

"Steer small, you—" said Fell, using a horrible word to the helmsman.

Everybody was excited. Everybody seemed to be obsessed with the fear that Estrella would clear away the wreck and make her escape after all.

"With her rudder gone, she'll never be able to hold a course," said Hornblower. "And she's lost her fore-topmast, too."

Another wait, but of a very different nature now. Clorinda, thrashing along, seemed to have caught the excitement and to have put on a spurt as she hurled herself at her quarry, racing forward to triumph.

"There she is," said Gerard, telescope trained forward. "All aback still."

As the next wave lifted Clorinda, they all caught sight of the Estrella; they were approaching her fast.

Her fore-topmast was broken clean off at the cap, her sails were shivering in the wind.

"Clear away the bow chaser," ordered Fell. "Fire a shot across her bow."

THE shot was fired. Something rose to the schooner's main peak, and broke out into the red and gold of Spain. It hung there for a moment and then came slowly down again.

"Congratulations on the success of your plans, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

"Thank you, My Lord," answered Fell. He was beaming with pleasure. "I could have done nothing without Your Lordship's acceptance of my suggestions."

"That is very good of you, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower, turning back to look at the prize.

The Estrella was a pitiful sight, the more pitiful as they approached her, and could see more clearly the raffle of wreckage dangling forward, and the rudder torn loose aft.

That sudden tug of the drogue when it took effect, using enormous force and leverage, had broken or pulled straight the stout bronze pintles on which the rudder had hung suspended. The drogue itself, weighted by its chain, still hung out of sight below the dangling rudder.

Captain Gomez, brought triumphantly aboard, had still no idea of the cause of the disaster, and had not guessed the reason for the loss of his rudder. He had been young and handsome and dignified in the face of undeserved misfortune when he arrived on Clorinda's deck. There was no pleasure in observing the change in him when he was told the truth. No pleasure at all. The sight even took away the feeling of pleasure over a professional triumph, to see him wilting there under the eyes of his captors.

But still, more than three hundred slaves had been set free. . . .

Hornblower was dictating his despatch to Their Lordships, and Spendlove, who numbered this new-fangled shorthand among his surprising accomplishments, was slashing down the sentences at a speed that made light of Hornblower's stumbling phrases—Hornblower had not yet acquired the art of dictation.

"In conclusion," said Hornblower, "it gives me particular pleasure to call Their Lordships' attention to the ingenuity and activity of Captain Sir Thomas Fell, which made this exemplary capture possible."

Spendlove looked up from his pad and stared at him. Spendlove knew the truth, but the unblinking stare which answered him defied him to utter a word.

"Add the usual official ending," said Hornblower.

It was not for him to explain his motives to his secretary. Nor could Hornblower have explained them if he had tried. He liked Fell no better now than before.

"Now a letter to my agent," said Hornblower.

"Aye, aye, My Lord," said Spendlove, turning a page.

Hornblower began to assemble in his mind the sentences composing this next letter.

He wanted to say that, because the capture was due to Sir Thomas's suggestions, he did not wish to apply for his share of the Head Money for himself. It was his desire that the share of the Flag should be allocated to Sir Thomas Fell.

"No," added Hornblower. "Belay that. I won't write after all."

"Aye, aye, My Lord," said Spendlove.

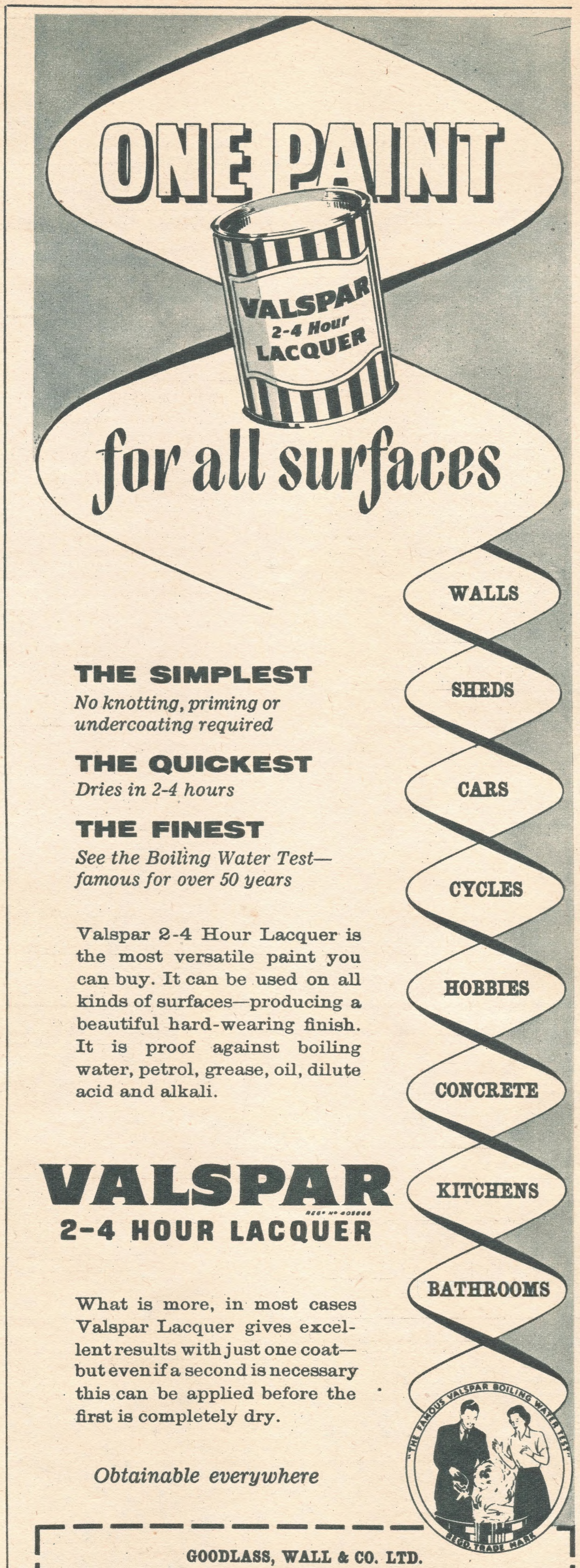
It was possible to pass on to another man distinction and honour, but one could not pass on money. There was something obvious, something suspicious, about that.

Sir Thomas might guess, and Sir Thomas's feelings might be hurt, and he would not risk it.

But he wished he liked Sir Thomas better, all the same.

THE END

© C. S. Forester, 1958



ONE PAINT

VALSPAR 2-4 Hour LACQUER

for all surfaces

WALLS
SHEDS
CARS
CYCLES
HOBBIES
CONCRETE
KITCHENS
BATHROOMS

THE SIMPLEST
No knotting, priming or undercoating required

THE QUICKEST
Dries in 2-4 hours

THE FINEST
See the Boiling Water Test—famous for over 50 years

Valspar 2-4 Hour Lacquer is the most versatile paint you can buy. It can be used on all kinds of surfaces—producing a beautiful hard-wearing finish. It is proof against boiling water, petrol, grease, oil, dilute acid and alkali.

VALSPAR
REGᴰ Nº 405868
2-4 HOUR LACQUER

What is more, in most cases Valspar Lacquer gives excellent results with just one coat—but even if a second is necessary this can be applied before the first is completely dry.

THE FAMOUS VALSPAR BOILING WATER TEST
REGD. TRADE MARK

Obtainable everywhere

GOODLASS, WALL & CO. LTD.
179/185 (F.2) Great Portland Street, London, W.1

Please send me a free copy of the Valspar Handbook giving full details of how to use Valspar paints

NAME..
BLOCK CAPITALS
ADDRESS..

PK
WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING GUM

Mouth feel rough? Then you'll love the clean, lively flavour of **P.K.** **Chewing Gum.** It freshens your taste, keeps your mouth cool.

Good to Chew and Good for You!

E116/7

still further ahead

Biro
Biro
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Biro CITIZEN **3/9**

One of Biro's most popular models, this handsome capped ball-point pen comes in a wide range of attractive colours.
Try this and other models in the genuine Biro range, from 3/- to 19/-, at your stationers.

1 New Biro 'floating' ball action — for clean, fast writing

In every genuine Biro, the writing ball actually floats in its housing, rolls freely in every direction. Super-precision manufacture on Swiss watch-makers' lathes ensures that the Biro point, with its micro-control ink-flow, leaves a smooth, unbroken trace.

2 Biro 'shock-absorber' mounting — for easy, untiring writing

This 'shock-absorber' effect (test it by pressing the point) damps out the physical effort of writing — chief cause of muscular fatigue. With genuine Biro you could write all day and never get tired.

3 New Biro quick-start, quick-dry ink

The new Biro ink starts its trace immediately, and flows freely and evenly, however fast you write. And genuine Biro ink dries instantly; never 'blobs'; never 'fuzzes'.

4 Choice of point — choice of ink colours

With all Biro models you now have choice of point — the new

Fine-writing

for those who must or who prefer to write fine; or the Standard for the bolder hand. One or other is bound to suit your hand-writing.
Also, choice of **permanent** blue ink, royal blue, red or green (or black in Standard only).

0C2581 0

insist on genuine Biro

WOMAN'S REALM

Great new colour weekly for every woman

OUT TUESDAY FEB. 18 4D.